LITERATURE AND PSYCHOLOGY

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"Why not," I said to myself, "present this highly strange fact of an author who refuses to let some of his characters live though they have been born in his fantasy, and the fact that these characters, having by now life in their veins, do not resign themselves to remaining excluded from the world of art? They are detached from me; live on their own; have acquired voice and movement; have by themselves — in this struggle for existence that they have had to wage with me — become dramatic characters, characters that can move and talk on their own initiative; already see themselves as such; have learned how to defend themselves against others. And so let them go where dramatic characters do go to have life: on a stage. And let us see what will happen.

— Luigi Pirandello (tr., Eric Bentley)
Preface to Six Characters in Search of an Author

THE QUARTERLY NEWS LETTER

General Topics 10

MODERN LANGUAGE ASSOCIATION

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Including short notes, contributed respectively by James Robert Wilson of San Francisco State College (on Plato's Phaedrus) and John B. Vickery of Purdue (on a Freudian source in The Waste Land).

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Including Norman N. Holland's discussion of the Convention papers and Gordon Ross Smith's and Richard B. Hovey's replies to that discussion, the minutes having been prepared by William J. Griffin, 1959 Secretary.

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"Once more into the breach, dear friends!" We publish this additional psycho-literary study of Shakespeare not only as another excellent example of this type of investigation, but also as a further statement of the author's position, amplifying his reply set forth in the Minutes.

"The Rape of Andromeda," by Alex Comfort 14

We are indebted for the opportunity of publishing this paper to Wayne Burns, who sent it to us and was able to obtain the author's approval for us to present it. Dr. Comfort is a well-known English scholar and author who probably needs no introduction to most of our readers, who may know him as novelist and poet, but who may not know that he has also written in the fields of sociology and psychology or that he has been Lecturer in Physiology at the London Hospital Medical College and is now associated with the Department of Zoology, University College, London. He holds degrees of M. A. and M. B. from Cambridge, as well as the Ph. D. and D. C. H. from the University of London.

Book Review by John Chynoweth Burnham 28

In an earlier issue (VIII, 4, 66) we noted the appearance in American Imago (15, 2, 235-266) of the presidential address by William L. Langer of the American Historical Association ("The Next Assignment"), in which President Langer discussed the impact of psychoanalysis on the social sciences, particularly history and biography. The timeliness of this article is underlined by the publication of the three books reviewed, Norman O. Brown's Life Against Death, Erik Erikson's Young Martin Luther, and A. Bronson Feldman's The Unconscious in History, and also by the skill and learning of our reviewer in dealing with them. Dr. Burnham is a historian who has taught at Claremont Men's College and Stanford University. As a present post-doctoral Fellow of the Foundations' Fund for Research in Psychiatry, he is now associated with the Austen Riggs Center in Stockbridge, Massachusetts.

Listing of Other Books Received 31

With brief and pointed comments on at least one of them.

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Very brief.

NOTES, COMMENTS, AND CORRESPONDENCE

* * The following course was offered at Harvard last semester:

English 291. Literature and Psychology. Half course (fall term). Professor Leon Edel (New York University). A study of the relationship between the two disciplines and the grounds on which they meet — that of symbolism and human motivation.

* * Professor James Robert Wilson, Department of Language Arts, San Francisco State College, submits the following note:

"Make the inner and the outer man one!" is a more exciting statement standing by itself than in its context at the end of Plato's Phaedrus. There it seems simply a prayer to Pan for a beautiful soul and a beautiful body. But while reading through Phaedrus — and making this disappointing discovery — I was struck by Socrates' description of the soul of the lover. This seems astonishingly similar to Freud's theory of the superego (the "good" horse), the id (the "bad" horse), and the ego (the charioteer). Socrates speaks:

> As I said at the beginning of this tale, I divided each soul into three parts, two of them having the form of horses and the third that of a charioteer; and one of the horses was good and the other bad, but I have not explained the virtue and vice of either, and to that I will now proceed. The well-conditioned horse is erect and well-formed; he has a lofty neck and an aquiline nose, and his color is white, and he has dark eyes and is a lover of honor and modesty and temperance, and a follower of true glory; he needs not the touch of the whip, but is guided by word and admonition only. Whereas the other is a large misshapen animal, put together anyhow; he has a strong short neck; he is flat-faced and of a dark color, grey-eyed and bloodshot, the mate of insolence and pride, shag-eared, deaf, hardly yielding to blow or spur. Now when the charioteer beholds the vision of love, and has his whole soul warmed with sense, and is full of tickling and desire, the obedient steed then as always under the government of shame, refrains himself from leaping on the beloved; but the other, instead of heeding the blows of the whip, prances away and gives all manner of trouble to his companion and to the charioteer, and urges them on toward the beloved and reminds them of the joys of love. They at first indignantly oppose him and will not be urged on to do terrible and unlawful deeds; but at last, when there is no end of evil, they yield and suffer themselves to be led on to do as he bids them. And now they are at the spot and behold the flashing beauty of the beloved. But when the charioteer sees that, his memory is carried to the true beauty, and he beholds her in company with Modesty set in her holy place. And when he sees her he is afraid and falls back in adoration, and in falling is compelled to pull back the reins, which he does with such force as to bring both the steeds on their haunches, the one willing and unresisting, the unruly one very unwilling; and when they have gone back a little, the one is overflowing with shame and wonder, and pours forth rivers of perspiration over the entire soul; the other, when the pain is over which the bridle and the fall had given him, having with difficulty taken breath, is full of wrath and reproaches, which he heaps upon the charioteer and his fellow-steed, as though from want of courage and manhood they had been false to their agreement and guilty of desertion. And, when they again decline, he forces them on, and will scarce yield to their request that he would wait until another time. Returning at the appointed hour, they make as if they had forgotten,

> and he reminds them, fighting and neighing and dragging them, until at length he, on the same thoughts intent, forces them to draw near. And when they are near he stoops his head and puts up his tail, and takes the bit in his mouth and pulls shamelessly. Then the charioteer is worse off than ever; he drops at the very start, and with still greater violence draws the bit out of the teeth of the wild steed and covers his abusive tongue and jaws with blood, and forces his legs and haunches to the ground and punishes him sorely. And when this has happened several times and the villain has ceased from his wanton way, he is tamed and humbled, and follows the will of the charioteer and when he sees the beautiful one he is ready to die of fear. (Jowett translation, The Works of Plato, volume 3, pages 413-415.)

Of course there are important differences between Freud's theory of the id, ego, and superego and Socrates' charioteer and his two horses. But in this context the prayer to Pan — "Make the inner and the outer man one!" — that originally sent me to this description of the soul of the lover begins to take on a depth and complexity that is almost Freudian. J. R. W.

* * To this your Editors would add the comment that there might be be a wealth of hidden meaning to be discovered by a systematic psycho-literary study of Plato. We need only call attention to the passage on dreams and desire which was used as the epigraph to Vol. V, No. 3 of this journal, to the characterization of the poet in the Ion (quoted by Professor Obler in VIII, 4, 50), and to the irate denunciation of poetic art in Book X of the Republic. Is it possible that the daemonic source of poetic inspiration, its relation to the highly questionable world of dreams and fantasy, may have been the basis for a sense of guilt which would explain the rigorous repudiation of the "imitation of an imitation" in terms which would be closer to the human qualities of the poet-philosopher?

* * We present as the second of the two excellent short notes submitted for publication in this issue a comment on two phrases in The Waste Land, submitted by Dr. John B. Vickery of Purdue. Dr. Vickery cites, as objective external evidence tending to support the source relationship which he has discovered, the facts that (1) Totem and Taboo first appeared in 1912 in periodical form in ample time for Eliot to see it before writing The Waste Land; (2) Eliot himself was in Germany, where presumably Freud's work would be readily accessible, just prior to the outbreak of World War I; (3) Eliot's own reviews of Webb's Group Theories of Religion and the Religion of the Individual and Wundt's Elements of Folk Psychology, in 1916 and 1917, respectively, reveal his interest in psychoanalysis and its connection with anthropology and comparative religion.

Two phrases in T. S. Eliot's The Waste Land, both from "The Burial of the Dead" section, recall passages in Freud's Totem and Taboo (The Basic Writings of Sigmund Freud, ed. A. A. Brill, New York: 1938).

First, April is said to be mixing "memory and desire." The passage in Freud echoed by this phrase occurs in the chapter on "Taboo and the Ambivalence of Emotions." There Freud declares: "the dangerous magic power of the mana corresponds to two real faculties, the capacity of reminding man of his forbidden wishes, and the apparently more important one of tempting him to violate the prohibition in the service of these wishes. Both functions reunite into one, however, if we assume it to be in accord with a primitive psychic life that with the awakening of a memory of a forbidden action there should also be combined the awakening of the tendency to carry out the action. Memory and temptation then again coincide." (Totem and Taboo, p. 833; stress is mine.)

Freud contends that the forbidden action which is remembered is nothing less than the slaying of the father by his sons who are

jealous of his prerogatives (Totem and Taboo, pp. 915-16). This act, together with its attendant cannibalistic feast, ostensibly occurred during the primal state of society. With the development of society, according to Freud, the totem animal and then the god himself were substituted for the original father. The important point of all this is not that Eliot is providing a concealed Freudian account of the origin of religious consciousness. Rather the chief significance of this passage is that it suggests a clear reason for the ambivalent feelings in Eliot's opening lines. It links mankind more closely to its god whose demise is mourned in this section of the poem. Humanity's desire for the god's rebirth is balanced by the memory of its share in his death.

Secondly, the phrase "Those are pearls that were his eyes," whose immediate source is, of course, The Tempest, is closely related to this same theme. In Totem and Taboo Freud says: "a process like the removal of the primal father by the band of brothers must have left ineradicable traces in the history of mankind and must have expressed itself the more frequently in substitutive formations the less it itself was to be remembered." (p. 925.) And in a footnote, as an example of one such substitutive formation, he quotes Ariel's dirge for the death by water of Alonso, the same song on which Eliot has drawn. Seen in the context of Totem and Taboo, Eliot's line, whose metaphoric power critics have long recognized, achieves its full significance. It represents mankind's attempt to suppress its guilty involvement in the death of the god, the source of life, whose human equivalent is the father. And as the reiteration of this line in "A Game of Chess," the Fisher King passage in "The Fire Sermon," the Phoenician sailor of "Death by Water," and the Gethsemane scene in "What the Thunder said" all attest, the poem as a whole, on one level at least, dramatizes man's slow, reluctant, and painful admission of his own guilt. J. B. V.

* * Your Editor never returns from an M L A Meeting without the certainty that he has made progress in his education; not, perhaps, at the formal meetings so much as during the midnight beer-parties and the informal luncheons which function as the groves of Academe for the modern peripatetic scholar. This year, for example, your Editor was pleased to learn that in his specialty a great deal of confusion might be avoided by the realization that both writers and readers are functioning within a rigorous semantic convention. For instance, when someone says that "Hamlet was a bad son" or that "Sir Henry Harcourt-Reilly is a bad psychiatrist," what he really means is something like the following:

> There are certain artificial products known as pigments or ink which, when applied to certain manufactured metal objects called type, and impressed on certain lamina of material composed in variable proportions of rags and woodpulp, produce certain symbols called letters which are then combined into words, which in turn are arranged in certain literary forms called sentences, images, rhythms, and the like; and this combination, perceived optically and comprehended according to a prescribed system, varied by certain factors such as linguistic preference, apperceptive mass, and other elements of prior education, produce in the person who obtains meaning through these means — and who is called a "reader" — an impression similar to that which he would obtain if he were to observe in his nonliterary moments a person who, like HAMLET, WAS A BAD SON, or SIR HENRY, A BAD PSYCHIATRIST.

Horrified at the thought of an even larger deficit, your Editor has decided to stick to the shorthand of the convention.

* * Comments are invited on the new form in which this journal appears, a form adopted because it will result in a saving in printing (and, possibly, mailing) costs. Does it also result in greater legibility and convenience for the reader? The new cover was designed by the Associate Editor and executed by Mr. Joseph Bonacci.

MINUTES OF THE 1959 MEETING

The second annual meeting of General Topics 10 Discussion Group (the tenth annual meeting for the discussion of Literature and Psychology within the framework of the Modern Language Association) was called to order by the chairman, Dr. Manheim, at 11:30 a. m., on Tuesday, December 29, in the Red Lacquer Room of the Palmer House, Chicago, Illinois. Attendance was estimated at from 135 to 150.

The chairman called attention to the nominations for 1960 as printed in the M L A program and, having ascertained that there were no nominations from the floor, called for and received a vote accepting the slate as presented. The chairman of the Group for 1960 is Prof. William J. Griffin; the secretary is Prof. Helmut E. Gerber; Dr. Leonard F. Manheim, elected to the Advisory & Nominating Committee for a term of three years, is the 1960 chairman thereof; Prof. William Wasserstrom is a member of the Editorial and Program Committee. No other business demanded the attention of the Group.

The main part of the program consisted of the reading of two papers: "Authoritarian Patterns in Shakespeare's Coriolanus," by Gordon Ross Smith of Pennsylvania State University, and "Psychiatrist and Saint in Eliot's The Cocktail Party," by Richard B. Hovey of Western Maryland College. The papers were presented in substantially the form in which they were prepublished in Literature and Psychology, IX, 3 & 4 (Summer and Fall, 1959), 45-55.

Discussion of the papers, severely limited by the necessity of adjournment at 12:45, consisted of an extended critique by Norman N. Holland, of Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and briefer replies by Professors Smith and Hovey. Professor Holland's remarks are here printed, under the title he proposed for the critique.

REALISM AND THE PSYCHOLOGICAL CRITIC; OR, HOW MANY COMPLEXES HAD LADY MACBETH?

A senior member of our profession who has spent years and years listening to comments on scholarly papers suggested to me that, judging from the contents, all scholarly papers fall into one of two categories: those that are wrong and those that are obvious. I was content with his conclusion until I read Professor Smith's and Professor Hovey's papers, which seem to me neither obvious nor wrong.

Professor Smith has ventured beyond Freud's psychology and Jung's, where most psychological critics stop; he has brought to bear a much wider psychological knowledge, in particular that based on the experimental studies of Adorno. He has also given his psychological insights a special rigor by relating them to the framework which intellectual history gives us for Coriolanus — a procedure entirely too rare among psychological critics. Professor Hovey, too, has gone beyond what we might call the here-a-phallic-symbol-there-a-phallic-symbol approach. He has drawn on a specialized knowledge of the psychiatric process itself to enrich our understanding of a drama in which psychiatry plays an important part. In particular, he makes the interesting point that an author's conceptions — in this case, misconceptions — of psychiatry can pinpoint a crucial factor in the writer's sensibility, T. S. Eliot's attitude toward love.

I think, however, that both these papers raise much more basic issues, and therefore I would make my remarks more general. Both papers, I think, have fallen into a trap, a trap whose bait appeals most specially and seductively to the psychological critic. Both Professor Smith and Professor Hovey have used their psychological knowledge to elucidate character, and in doing so they are following the procedure a great deal of psychological criticism uses. It seems to me we should ask, Is that a sensible procedure?

Certainly, it makes more sense to use modern psychology to elucidate character than to use mere intuition or a college professor's somewhat limited experience of human nature. But does it make sense to treat literary characters as real people? These days, most of

us would no longer ask how many children Mrs. Macbeth had. Does it make any more sense to ask how many complexes Mrs. Macbeth had? In other words, when the psychological critic uses modern psychology to analyze a literary character, hasn't he lost sight of the distinction between people in books or plays and people in real life? A fictional character is, after all, only a tissue of words; a dramatic character at his very liveliest is only an actor's interpretation of a series of words.

It comes, I suppose, as no surprise to us that as between real people and those abstractions from words we call literary characters, there are a lot of differences. One difference, however, stands out as the crucial one to the critic who wants to apply modern psychology to literary characters. The actions of a literary character are dictated (at least in part) by the structure of the play around him. Iago, for example, that "motiveless malignity," is a clear case of a character who does not seem to follow real human emotions or drives, but rather to do what is demanded of him by the internal logic of the play as a whole. If, then, a character does what he does, says what he says, because of the over-all unity of the play, does it make sense to apply to such a character words which are meant to refer to people doing things in an every-day formless reality, not a controlled and shaped work of art? Should we use for literary characters words like "narcissistic" or "authoritarian," for example?

Ernest Jones, you remember, discusses this problem in the introduction to his Hamlet and Oedipus, and he concludes that it is all right for a psychoanalyst to treat Hamlet as a living human being because this is what literary critics themselves do. Now this is a touching assertion of faith: a psychoanalyst may think he is entitled to do something because literary critics do it, but I cannot imagine a literary critic doing something simply because other literary critics do. Other analysts have tried another line of justification. The psychological critic, they say, is entitled to treat a literary character as though he were a real, live human being because he is a projection of the author who is a real, live human being. But this reasoning, too, seems to me unsatisfactory. It is perfectly clear that Coriolanus is not Shakespeare, and, while T. S. Eliot undoubtedly has an unconscious, that fact does not imply that Sir Henry Harcourt-Reilly does.

Both these answers seem unsatisfactory, and we are left with the question, What sense does it make to apply to literary characters, whose lives are shaped by the artistic order around them, psychological words which are meant to apply to real people who shape their own lives? To what extent is a literary character a person; to what extent is he, in Leo Kirschbaum's term, a "function"? Before we can apply the psychology of living persons to fictional persons, we have to decide how realistic our unreal people are. In the cases of Coriolanus and Sir Henry Harcourt-Reilly, it seems to me that these characters are rather more functions than people.

Professor Hovey's paper argues that Eliot's Cocktail Party does not give the right importance to the idea of love either on the theological level of the play or the psychiatric. While I am much inclined to agree with his conclusion, I am troubled by the way his paper arrives at it. That is, Professor Hovey proceeds by considering the characters of the play as real people. Edward Chamberlayne, he says, is a narcissist, the victim of a full-blown neurosis. Professor Hovey points out the correct cure, then criticizes the play's psychiatrist for failing to prescribe it. Celia Coplestone also shows a common psychiatric problem, an overpowering sense of guilt, but Sir Henry Harcourt-Reilly, ignoring psychology, pronounces it not guilt but a sense of sin. In short, the nub of Professor Hovey's argument seems to be that Harcourt-Reilly does not behave like a real psychiatrist; he refuses, for example, to listen to Edward Chamberlayne's childhood experiences or his dreams. If I remember the staging correctly, Reilly's office does not even have a couch.

But surely Sir Henry Harcourt-Reilly has very little to do with real psychiatry. Psychiatrists do not usually at the end of Act II pour libations in their offices for "those about to go on a journey" or for the blessing of the hearth; and sending patients off to be crucified on an anthill is not considered good therapy, even, I suppose, in Jungian circles. In short, it seems to me that Professor Hovey stressed the realistic side of Sir Henry somewhat at the expense of Sir Henry's role as a function in the economy of the play. Quite clearly, The Cocktail Party is no realistic drawing-room comedy, but rather a partly surrealistic effort to contrast sacred and profane love, or, put another way, to show the order of grace breaking through the ordinary life of man. Professor Robert Heilman, in the article Professor Hovey cites, points out that Sir Henry represents a fusion of Herakles from Euripides' Alcestis with Pheres, Admetus' father; in addition, Reilly carries overtones of priest, theologian, angel, and even Christ himself. "Reilly," Heilman concludes, "is considerably more than the psychiatrist whom in so many details he resembles. He is less the psychological repair man than the soul healer." If Sir Henry is to be Hercules, Pheres, priest, theologian, angel, Christ, and soul healer, is it just to demand of him that he also be a literally correct psychiatrist? I think not.

Professor Smith's paper also proceeds by looking at Coriolanus as though he were a human being with a life of his own beyond the confines of his tragedy. Professor Smith suggests that by a careful analysis of character he will "reduce the great number of incompatible interpretations of this play." But, in my own experience, at least, character discussion seems almost never to lead to the kind of unanimity that, say, discussions of imagery reach. For example, there are at least two other psychological examinations of Coriolanus, and together with Professor Smith's they make three different characterizations, each of them supported by ample evidence from the text. J. E. Towne long ago suggested that Coriolanus is, like Hamlet, the victim of an Oedipus complex; he is fighting to win his mother's rather chilly affections. Charles K. Hofling got at Coriolanus through the character-types of the late Wilhelm Reich, that is, the pre-orgone-box Wilhelm Reich. He found Coriolanus was a phallic-narcissistic type, the kind of man whom we would expect to see today as an aviator, a professional soldier, or an engineer. Such a man, Reich says, is likely to be haughty, aggressive, self-confident, courageous, but often driven by irrational motives derived from strong attachments to people or objects. Such a man would be given to exaggerated displays of narcissistic dignity like Coriolanus'. Dr. Hofling, too, has lots of evidence from the text to support his point, in particular a close look at the recurring butterfly image and Coriolanus' quite revealing Freudian slip at the end of Act I, scene ix.

The fact that we can have inconsistent readings based on the same or similar textual evidence suggests that the question we are asking the text is wrong; that we cannot ask, What kind of human being is Coriolanus? because he is not a human being at all, but a literary character. We cannot, in other words, consider even so striking and outstanding a character as Coriolanus apart from the organic unity of the play in which he is only one part. In particular, to coin a cliché, we must not neglect the poetry and the imagery.

If, however, the psychological critic looks at the play as a unity, being dutifully careful not to neglect the poetry and the imagery, then he is simply doing what any other critic does. How does he bring psychology to bear? It seems to me that the first thing the psychological critic must recognize is that psychology deals not with literature but with minds, and there is absolutely no justification for bringing psychology into literary criticism except to relate the work of literature to some mind. In the case of a play, there are three minds available: the author's mind, the characters', or the audience's. As I have been saying, I think applying psychology to the mind of a literary character blurs the

differences between real people and fictional. As for the author's mind, it seems to me that psychology applied to him is really the province of biography (though, as Professor Edel points out, such biographical insights can be very useful to the critic). We are left with only the mind of the audience, and here, it seems to me, the psychological critic is on very solid ground.

The literary critic makes best use of psychology when, first, he deals with the play (or any literary work) as a total configuration or Gestalt, and, second, when he uses psychology to determine what this configuration does to the mind of the audience. This approach is common enough when we consider myth and folktale or, in our own day, the popular arts, as for example in Wolfenstein and Leites' famous study of the movies. But with entirely too few exceptions we have been slow to consider the affective response to respectable literature. As psychological critics we need to ask ourselves, To what mind does the psychology apply? If we are going to apply psychology where it really applies, namely, to the minds of real people, then we must turn away from the characters and turn to the audience. We must, in short, beware questions like, How many complexes had Lady Macbeth?

PROFESSOR SMITH'S REPLY TO PROFESSOR HOLLAND

I'd like to say, first, that my answers to Professor Holland's paper have to do only with Shakespeare, and although some of what I say may also apply to Eliot's play, I shall leave that matter to Professor Hovey to deal with. Second, I'd like to say I haven't read Professor Holland's discussion, and it is not always easy to catch all the relevant points as a spoken paper goes by on the air. But I shall try to answer his chief objections as I noted them.

I agree with Professor Holland that Coriolanus is not a human being with a life of his own, but a portrait in a play. I would add that the text of a play is an incomplete work of art, like the score of a symphony, and like the symphony, it does not become complete until performed. There lies the hitch, for how is the part of Coriolanus to be performed? We have no Elizabethan statements of Shakespeare's intentions, and no directions for fortissimo, pianissimo, or something else. But the actor and director cannot do anything intelligible, as Wilson Knight has pointed out, unless they have a central and informing conception of the play. The paper I have presented is one such conception, and it has an advantage over most others in being derived from empirically verifiable aspects of human existence, not from Elizabethan sermons or relatively esoteric works in philosophy that S h a k e s p e a r e — a well-read man but no scholar — may never have encountered. Its advantage to a producer is that it can tell how various otherwise ambiguous passages in the play should be acted. For example, in Act I, scene iv, Coriolanus makes a bet with Lartius, and promptly loses. Lartius says, "So, the good horse is mine." Coriolanus answers, "I'll buy him of you." Lartius refuses to give or sell it, but says he'll "lend Coriolanus the horse / For half a hundred years." How should this be played? If Coriolanus is a noble hero, certainly genially, as an indication of camaraderie. But knowing how later in the play Coriolanus repeatedly breaks his promises, knowing that consciously he thinks he hates promise-breakers, and knowing that authoritarians lack both fidelity and awareness of that fact, shouldn't we rather see this incident as dramatic foreshadowing of the promise-breaking to come? If so, then we know how the actor should play Coriolanus when the bet is lost: as glowering, surly, even threatening, and Lartius should be played as willing to surrender his winnings rather than to alienate Coriolanus.

Or consider the retreat of the Roman soldiers in the same scene. If Coriolanus is a noble hero who is fundamentally right, then the soldiers must be played as craven, hopping fearfully into the pit in the center of the stage and cowering there when C o r i o l a n u s threatens them. Coriolanus then turns and assails the city gates, and is shut in. The comments of the soldiers sound unterrified:

"Foolhardiness; not I." "See, they have shut him in." "To th' pot, I warrant him." But if we consider Coriolanus authoritarian, and the soldiers not, we can conceive another way to play this incident. Coriolanus threatens the soldiers, who from the pit present toward his person their spears, whereupon he turns to assault the city gates. In such a staging we see not only foreshadowing of Coriolanus' later attack upon the citizenry from among whom these soldiers had been drawn but also the basic plot of the play in microcsom: Coriolanus, rejected by Rome, flies to the enemy by whom he is temporarily received but ultimately rejected.

Now Professor Holland has also asked what use it is to treat characters as people and has asserted a fundamental difference between characters in books and plays on the one hand and living people on the other. This is an objection I had expected and I have brought an answer made by Lionel Trilling to Elmer Stoll ten years ago in his essay "The Sense of the Past": "Professor Stoll seems to go on the assumption that Shakespeare's audience were conscious of convention. . . . What they were conscious of was life, into which they made an instantaneous translation of all that took place on the stage."

I entirely agree with this and would expand it further by saying that tragedy to be effective must be believable and that the question of truthfulness of characterization is one of the drama critics' first jobs. Only if truthfulness cannot be established should a character be categorized as a convention, and so pigeonholed, be forgotten. Serious art is and must be concerned with aspects of human existence, and if it is not, if it rides upon conventions, formulas, or any temporarily dominant idea—system, it cannot command the continuing attention of humanity. Since Shakespeare has commanded that attention, I suspect his works may contain more objective truth than Professor Stoll, at least, has found there.

Finally, I agree with Professor Holland that a psychological approach to the characters of a play does not exhaust the significance of the play. I agree that poetry and imagery must also be studied, and the action, too, and I'd add that any interpretation of a play must be shown to be compatible with some part of the range of knowledge, thought, and opinion that existed in the society and time when it was composed. I have tried to achieve such compatibility in my interpretation of Coriolanus. But I think the key to this play is supplied by psychology and particularly by empirical knowledge of recurrent mental syndromes, and that in the light of such understanding we can see the play primarily as satire.

PROFESSOR HOVEY'S REPLY TO PROFESSOR HOLLAND

I value the Stollish warning against isolating the characters of a drama from their context, regarding them as actual human beings, and endowing them with a fancied existence outside the art form in which they appear. And I agree with Professor Holland that a character in a play is only a part of the play and one of the "f u n c t i o n s" of the work-as-a-whole. I also agree with him that there is always a danger when we apply psychological theories to fiction that we will get away from the literary work itself and lose ourselves in irrelevant and fruitless speculations. But I go no further with him. These are matters of degree.

If Professor Holland's conclusion is that dramatis personae cannot be profitably discussed as imaginary human creatures who bear many and meaningful semblances to human creatures in actual life, then he is flirting with nonsense. At least I think it is dangerous nonsense if, in stressing the difference between art and life, we tend to separate art from life. Unavoidably the study of characters is part of — indeed, of the delight we take in — fiction and drama. Deny this and you drain the life-blood out of critical analysis. Is Iago nothing but a "function" controlled by "the internal logic of the play as a whole"? Then we might as well put him in a bottle of alcohol, label him, set him on the shelf, and

forget him except as a museum curiosity. But if Iago is at all like actual criminals, if something about him whispers to hidden fears in our own hearts, then he can never be "only a tissue of words." He remains alive, disturbing, terrible. No, I cannot agree with Professor Holland that psychology should apply exclusively to the minds of "real people" — only to the creators of art and to their audiences. (Real is a metaphysical word anyhow!)

To discuss any imaginary character is to use psychology of some sort — the question being whether our psychology is a d e q u a t e. Plainly, psychology, Freudian or otherwise, is not the only nor the best critical tool for every literary work. Yet the subject matter of The Cocktail Party invites psychoanalytic considerations. Here, Professor Holland is on my side. He states that my knowledge of "the psychiatric process itself" helps to "enrich our understanding of a drama in which psychiatry plays an important part." He and I also agree that The Cocktail Party is "no realistic drawing-room comedy." We differ here only on the degree of realism in the play. Of course Sir Henry Harcourt-Reilly sometimes behaves symbolically, mythically, theologically, etc., etc. As to the o b v i o u s facts, though, he is explicitly a psychiatrist. I stand on those facts. On those facts I have argued that he is neither a competent psychiatrist nor the sort of Christian who illuminates our depths.

Professor Holland asks, "If Sir Henry is to be Hercules, Pheres, priest, theologian, angel, Christ, and soul healer, is it just to demand of him that he also be a literally correct psychiatrist?" I never thought Sir Henry was all those things! But I answer yes: not so much that he should be "a literally correct psychiatrist" as a competent and Christian one. As to the other terms which have been fixed on the over-labeled Sir Henry, my quarrel is precisely with such extremes of ingenuity which in modern academic criticism lead to brilliantly absurd fantasies. If we are learned and clever enough and dip deep enough — say, to the Triassic layer — no doubt we can prove Sir Henry to be John the Baptist, Aquinas in mufti, or the archangel Gabriel minus his horn. Let a manipulator of these profundities run loose at the place where Humpty-Dumpty sat, and he will excavate not merely the Wailing Wall or the Minotaur's labyrinth or Hadrian's engineering triumph but also Shakespeare's Pyramus and Thisbe and Joyce's Dedalus, and so across the water (water itself so rich in myth and symbolism) to Robert Frost's stone fence and to Robert Penn Warren's All the King's Men — all this because we started with a very ripe egg. Eliot himself has begun to smile at these professional gambollings.

With my views on Eliot's theme and its artistic realization in The Cocktail Party Professor Holland agrees. He objects only to my method. Well, I appeal to the logicians. If those gentlemen hold that, of several methods to arrive at an acceptable answer, the shortest and simplest is usually the best, I am not going to worry.

Report respectfully submitted,

William J. Griffin
Secretary

> You have seen my works many a time, — though it's fifty thousand to one if you have seen me. You say that you don't want to see me? You say that your interest is in my works, and not in me? Don't be too sure about that.
>
> —Charles Dickens
> Somebody's Luggage

THE CREDIBILITY OF SHAKESPEARE'S AARON

The usual opinion of Titus Andronicus has been that it is crowded with grotesque characters and senseless horrors which destroy the dramatic illusion and divert the audience into an amused suspension of belief. Professor Stoll's comment upon Aaron is typical: "Fee, faw, fum! A completer product there could not be of . . . dualistic . . . thinking . . . . This is man . . . thrust beyond the pale of the species." (Shakespeare Studies, p. 345.)

It is not my intention here to try to reverse the general opinion. The faults of the play are too many and obvious. Rather, I should like only to suggest that the character of Aaron may be worth more serious attention than has commonly been given it.

In spite of the opinions of such distinguished twentieth century critics as E. E. Stoll and Wilson Knight, I still think it a legitimate function of criticism to determine the nature of the characters in a dramatic work. The extravagance of some nineteenth century critics in analyzing character from a succession of dubious inferences and the extreme divergence of conclusion exhibited by such writers as Georg Brandes and Stopford Brooke have to many people made the character approach seem spurious and futile. But although this particular function of criticism has been driven out of fashion, it remains a practical necessity during the production of a Shakespearian play, as the work of Granville-Barker shows clearly enough, and it cannot be an irrelevant approach unless one has abandoned the principle that comedy and tragedy should be believable. To abandon that principle is to reduce all drama to the levels of power and significance characteristic of farce and spectacle. Such an attitude seems to me essentially frivolous, and while I don't mind a critic's being frivolous, I will not admit that his position carries with it an inherent esthetic superiority.

The character of Aaron is usually thought of as two incompatible layers ill—laminated under the arbitrary pressure of dramaturgic incompetence. Evident first is an infinite capacity for senseless evil-doing. Aaron is the energetic mastermind implementing Tamora's ill-will. Tamora has her reasons, evident enough to the audience, but Aaron is apparently evil without cause. But when Aaron is presented with his child, the audience is presented with his other layer. He loves the child and its color right off, cuddles the infant, protects it, hides it, and finally to preserve it, confesses his crimes, apparently with considerable enjoyment.

Such a combination of qualities in a dramatic figure may seem insulting to reason and common sense, but on the other hand we haven't enough evidence from the text for reason to be insulted unless the reasoner himself supply certain assumptions about human character that essentially beg the question. As for common sense, that is merely what we are used to; it has no authority over and against empirical evidence.

Empirical evidence for a character type not identical with but certainly comparable to Aaron has been presented by the European criminologist Hans Brennecke. His lengthy report has been summarized by the American criminologist Walter Reckless as follows:

> The particular case . . . is that of a primitive unfeeling personality, who has lost respect for property and life. Without remorse he passed through police and court handling, made no confession, and defended himself coolly. He showed no trace of guilty feelings and shame. After he was freed from detention, he committed thefts and declared to his accomplices that he would commit a new murder. After exposure of his career and life at home, he went away, found work, married, and became a father. In the new circumstances nobody was suspicious of him, but after much mental conflict he finally confessed the deed to his wife. Brennecke tries to explain why, and in so doing turns to

> psychoanalytic formulations. Was it the love of the child and his father love which caused the remorse? Brennecke thinks so. The psychic breakdown and the mental depression following his confession show how great was his repression. But after this period, the man relapses into his original character, cold and unfeeling.
>
> (Criminal Behavior, pp. 212-213.)

Objectively speaking, a character in a play is only a group of ideas, not a living person. But the character of a living person is largely a mystery, even to himself, and in dealing with living persons we deal chiefly with our ideas of them. We speculate about the character and motivations of relatives, friends, and acquaintances, even while we know that we may be only half right, or quite mistaken, and we are often forced by the nature of human knowing to respond not to a person as he really is (something we cannot know), but to our ideas of him. In our thinking about living people we deal not with demonstrable entities but with disconnected scraps of evidence that achieve coherence and meaning only through the operation of our own ideas; our "knowledge" of a living person is therefore only a system of ideas. Similarly, a dramatic character is some kind of group of ideas — perhaps only a personification of an abstract idea, perhaps a satiric idea, perhaps the dramatist's report of someone he has encountered, perhaps an amalgam of his observations of several types he has seen or read of. A dramatic character may be quite as "real" a group of ideas; i. e., may have as close a correspondence in objective reality, as any we entertain of someone we think we know but don't. On the grounds of the desirability of always dealing with reality, one may as legitimately speculate about a dramatic figure as about a living person: In both cases we are dealing with ideas of people, not with people, and in either case the ideas may or may not have a correspondence in those objective realities that confront but ultimately elude us. I therefore offer the following interpretation of Aaron not as the sole right or possible one but as an interpretation of Shakespeare's dramatic conception which would justify our thinking the character of Aaron to have some objective truth as a portrait of an infrequent but recurrent human type. Certainly any of several other interpretations might also be selected by an actor undertaking the role.

Like Brennecke's criminal, Aaron feels no guilt over his crimes and wishes to commit more, is much affected by the birth of his child, makes a subsequent confession, and thereafter continues his criminal indifference. But Aaron differs in showing no remorse, and the reason he shows none can be inferred from Hamlet's "mole of nature" speech (Ham. I,iv,23-38), and can be speculatively elaborated from more modern knowledge.

The text of the play does not oblige us to accept Aaron's evil-doing as motiveless. To a medieval or Elizabethan audience the devil had commonly been represented as black, and by backward association we may suppose a black man a devil. Certainly the other characters of the play, good and bad alike, despise and loathe Aaron's color and call him a fiend. Although Aaron has been detested for his color by the other characters and derided to his face, he himself justifies and accepts his color. But along with his blackness supposedly went ill-doing, and he accepted that too, thereby at once conforming to what was thought of him and revenging himself on those who had thought it and who by so doing had excluded him from social acceptance just as surely as Shylock had been excluded. His love for his child and the military future he plans for it also demonstrate some such attitudes. The only good and all the evil in his character spring from these same circumstances of his being. The pattern thus becomes the well-known phenomenon of a person's becoming what he was thought by the people around him to be. Aaron could not change his blackness, and so he accepted himself for what he was — an attitude in itself and thus far a mentally healthy one. But since evil-doing was universally thought to go along with blackness, he was obliged by the principle of the looking-glass image to

accept both. In Hamlet's words, Aaron did also "in the general censure take corruption / From that particular fault." Black and bad were what he was. Because for him they were right and proper, no punishment of ego by superego could occur, and hence no remorse.

Whether Shakespeare could have so understood Aaron is relevant only if one supposes that Shakespeare could not make a report of a character he had encountered or could not incorporate a recollection of some living character into his dramatic fabric. No grounds exist for any such supposition. To think that a character presented on the stage before the time of Freud cannot be analyzed in Freudian terms is no more reasonable than to suppose that the appearance of disease caused by bacterial infection could not have been described before the time of Pasteur. Surface appearances can be described even though underlying causes be unknown. The objection to Freudian analysis of Shakespearian characters formerly sprang from a denial of the validity of Freudian concepts and a neglect or ignorance of the empirical bases of Freudian formulations. More recent objections have usually been generalized from some far-fetched application of Freudian theory that does not itself invalidate the Freudian approach. How much of the foregoing analysis Shakespeare consciously understood, how much he vaguely sensed, how much he hit upon by sheer accident we cannot know. All we have is a character who, however bizarre, still stands up, wobblingly erect from some kind of truth in him.

Whether this interpretation would be effective upon a stage would depend upon the skill of the actor playing the part, the size of the theater, the possibility of conveying nuances, the interests of the audience, whether naively antiquarian or modern, and if the latter, whether sophisticated or popular, and certainly much else besides. For some people this interpretation would be reprehensible and "not Shakespeare." For others it might be the only way to make Aaron once again alive. But whether one accept the foregoing speculations or not, it must be granted that the character of Aaron roughly parallels the surface of the character reported by Brennecke and therefore that Aaron is not merely an impossible fabrication beyond the pale of the species.

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How little do we know our thoughts — our reflex actions indeed, yes; but our reflections! Man, forsooth, prides himself on his consciousness! We boast that we differ from the winds and waves and falling stones and plants, which grow they know not why, and from the wandering creatures which go up and down after their prey, as we are pleased to say, without the help of reason. We know so well what we are doing ourselves and why we do it, do we not? I fancy there is some truth in the view which is being put forward nowadays, that it is our less conscious actions which mainly mould our lives and the lives of those who spring from us.

—Samuel Butler
The Way of All Flesh — Chapter V
[Suggested by Mr. Lesser.]

THE RAPE OF ANDROMEDA

> Ce n'est que je sois le moins inspiré du monde, mais j'ai envie de voir ça — c'est une sorte de curiosité et comme qui dirait un désir lubrique sans érection.
>
> — Gustave Flaubert (of Salammbo)

Last Spring the respective critics of the New Statesman and the Spectator described an adventure story by Mr. Ian Fleming /1 as "without doubt the nastiest book I have ever read" /2 and as "providing sheer entertainment such as I, who must read many novels, am seldom lucky enough to find" /3. Comment has been made on the popularity of this writer with Cabinet Ministers. Some years ago George Orwell wrote of the very different novels of Mr. Mickey Spillane and Mr. James Hadley Chase (who were supposed by Englishmen to have a similar social range of popularity in America) that "Freud and Machiavelli have reached the outer suburbs."

Mr. Spillane and Mr. Chase specialise in affectless violence. Mr. Fleming is more gentlemanly (it was his upper-class hero who provoked the New Statesman) and specialises in masochistic fantasy in erotic settings — he has given Bulldog Drummond a sex life. All three have attracted hostile notice directed at a genre; I would describe the genre itself as the erotic comic-book for literate adults. The pictorial comic-book reflects so well the psychodynamic state of its parent society (which it is often accused of producing) that it is not surprising to find non-pictorial comic-books written for the literate, or read — if the remarks about Cabinet Ministers are correct — by those who are themselves engaged in writing the comic-book of contemporary history. (I recently read that "Monk" Lewis was a member of Parliament.) Such books belong to erotic literature, but the erotic literature of a culture which operates a selective censorship against normal eroticism. They therefore deal, as a rule, not with love but with hate, the cult of sexual and general violence, and the ghoulish. This cult is distasteful, though the violence of the attack on it in some quarters has itself the appearance of excitement at the matter attacked: it is also traditional. Mario Praz's catalogue /4 of the morbid preoccupations of the Romantics — sadism, diabolism, the character of woman as Medusa and bitch, the exaltation of suffering and corruption — is a statement of the emotional handicaps which have affected Western art intermittently since the Second century, not the Nineteenth. When there is a critical row about them, it is still directed at those authors who dilute them with references to normal sexuality. They are now the predominant matter of commercial entertainment: in the comic-book they are reduced to pictorial psychosymbols without the literary cover they have previously had; in the literary-comic the psychosymbols go back into literary form, still indecently exposed. The essence of this form is that its effect depends on motif, not manner, and that the plot is a pretext for the incident: this is equally true of more pretentious literature, but in the case of the literary-comic the fact is frankly recognised by all; the novelist's first need is a good knowledge or intuition for the natural history of human sexual response to situational symbols. Now and then he can be too good — part of the adverse comment on the three writers I have mentioned, especially Mr. Fleming, is due to their ability to free-associate (or read up and

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1/ Ian Fleming, "Dr. No" (London: Cape, 1958).

2/ New Statesman, 5 April 1958.

3/ Spectator, 4 April 1958.

4/ Mario Praz, The Romantic Agony (Oxford University Press, 1951).

put in) really threatening psychoanalytical matter in a bare form. Part is due to uneasiness among liberal readers to see such matter made unpleasantly real at a time when history and psychotic fantasy are dangerously convergent. For them, the comic-book threatens both social morals and polite fiction — which already contains the same material, but better-wrapped.

Gothic Schauerromantik is by now a popular dissertation subject. The interesting thing about the literary "comic-book" is that it owes little to Gothicism — less than the modern serious or "unpopular" novel. The writers of the literary-comic are going further back, if not for their inspiration, at least for their precedent, for the novel did not generate the literary-comic: phylogenetically, the literary-comic generated the novel, in the society of second and third-century Alexandria, which also generated our literary morals. Alexandrian novels include the most likeable of all erotic stories, Daphnis and Chloe, but the manner of Longus assorted ill with the growth of Christendom: the modern literary-comic mimics in incident, though not in spirit of style, other romances of the same period which are far more familiar in key. I am not so sure of Mr. Spillane, but Mr. Fleming has his ancestry there — possibly in Achilles Tatius, whose Cleitophon and Leucippe is the best and most characteristic of literary-comics, with something of the modern pace, and almost all of the familiar psychosymbolic obsessions.

Modern alarm over them, among reviewers, calls for an experiment. The comic-book qualities of Tatius are real. I will exaggerate them unfairly for demonstration purposes by cataloguing, out of their rather ornate context, the incidents in this romance as if I were the New Statesman's psychosymbolist reviewer. It begins relatively quietly: in the first two books, hero meets heroine, and saves her from a rival who has hired pirates to abduct her, by arranging for his own unwanted fiancée to be abducted in her place. An assignation follows, but Leucippe's virginity is saved when an ill-omened dream wakes her mother (there is a suggestion that what happens later is a judgment on her for her attempted coition). The lovers talk their way out of this situation, and run away together. The events which follow are much more familiar in content. They are shipwrecked (Book III), captured by bandits, bound hand and foot and deposited in a hut. Cleitophon is rescued by the Egyptian army, but the bandits have removed Leucippe as a human sacrifice, and he is obliged to watch while she is staked out, disembowelled and partially eaten. She has somehow survived this procedure, and jumps out of her coffin, bloodstained and still eviscerate, to embrace him — the whole performance turns out to have been a mummery, conducted with a bladder full of guts and a collapsible dagger (one of Mr. Fleming's heroines, who is exposed, in a similar posture, to be eaten by crabs, escapes with the same inconsequential aplomb — the crabs, she explains, were vegetarians). The reunion is short-lived, for in Book IV Leucippe suddenly goes mad — Cleitophon is obliged to tie her up once more, this time for her own good, while he traces the source of the miscarried love-philtre which is responsible, beats up a suitable informant, and obtains the antidote; Leucippe recovers (Book V) in time to be carried off by more pirates, hired this time by the beaten informant; when Cleitophon seems likely to overtake them, they cut off her head and throw the body overboard. Cleitophon, faute de mieux, kisses her severed neck farewell, buries her with a literary oration in the worst and most ornate Alexandrian taste, and goes glumly home, where he learns — as his readers could have told him — that they need never have eloped at all.

He now forms a liaison with a passionate widow, Melitta, and sails for her estate, refusing meanwhile to sleep with her out of deference to Leucippe's memory (a ploy for endless politer fiction, this). On arrival he is accosted by a fettered and cropheaded slave-girl who tells him a story of beatings and ill-usage: she is, of course, Leucippe herself, deprived of her hair, like Hemingway's Maria, but still a virgin. She is recognised by her handwriting, not her person — with her physical configuration Cleitophon is, for a lover, remarkably unfamiliar; he has already been fobbed off once

with a substitute corpse. At this point Melitta's deceased husband appears, beats up Cleitophon, and puts him in fetters. Melitta releases him from these in exchange for a reluctant but very satisfactory embrace (poor Melitta! She is a real person lost in this gallimaufry); he is imprisoned on a charge of adultery, told that Leucippe is dead, beaten up twice, tied up once more, this time as a prelude to torture, but saved by a religious amnesty — and the lovers are united after a trial of virginity in which Leucippe, like her great-great-granddaughter Miss Blandish, proves providentially undamaged.

This is a preposterous plot, but my outline is grossly unfair to a rather entertaining novel. What I have done is to treat it as reviewers have treated Mr. Spillane and Mr. Fleming, or as Dr. Praz has treated the Romantics. This particular romance generated not only Candide but, by way of Sidney's Arcadia, a sizeable number of modern European novels; the genealogy is neatly marked by the fact that in borrowing the sham decapitation Sidney named his heroine Pamela. It may be typical episcopal reading, but I have cheated by pitching the summary in Mr. Fleming's key. The effect of the original is neither Hollywood nor, as it could easily be, Evelyn Waugh; the whole performance is by modern standards quite un-nasty even when it is sophisticated, and never satirical, though now and then it is quietly ironic. The author is a rhetorician: his hokum is diluted with polite and erudite chatter on subjects from natural history to mythology and painting, a little in the manner of the Swiss Family Robinson; except for Melitta, who deserves better companions, there is no characterisation to alarm, and after one resurrection we feel no more anxiety for Leucippe than for the woman whom the conjuror saws in half. Some episodes recall the disturbing but fabulous matter of the nursery tales, in which decapitated and revived princesses have their ancestry — others have echoes of The Magic Flute and the sham ordeals of the Masonic initiation: the sufferings of the lovers are a game, evoking no more protest than a children's game of captives and executions where the heroine will be called in from the stake to tea.

Yet compared with other romances, compared with Apuleius or Heliodorus, or even Xenophon of Ephesus — whose hero is crucified, falls into the Nile cross and all, and sails down the river on it, while his heroine is being put in a pit full of wild dogs — Tatius is tangibly nearer the comic-book tradition. The comic-book is a story which is a pretext for sexually-colored psychosymbolic incidents where the theme, not the treatment, is the selling point. In the picture version there is no literary development — all Vorlust and no Endlust —: in the modern literary version the linking matter is perfunctory, depending on the trouble the author cares to take with it: in Tatius the literary matter is ornate but quite irrelevant. In all three, the alarming incidents are affectless or the affect is inappropriate. And Tatius, in contrast to the even longer-winded Heliodorus, has something more like the modern speed.

Tatius is also closer to the comic than Longus or Apuleius in what he leaves out. This is supposed to be a love-story, but unlike Daphnis and Chloe, or The Golden Ass and the Satiricon, which are not love stories at all in principle, it is strikingly asexual. Cleitophon's ostentatious r e f u s a l of his legitimate opportunity with Melitta might be taken as knightly fidelity, but suggests more than that; there are lyrical accounts of the preliminaries, accessories and frustrations of love, but the enthusiasm of fulfilment is dissipated on the captivities and repeated deaths, and the lovers' final union is celebrated when it comes in the single sentence "We arrived at Byzantium, where we celebarted the marriage for which we had so long prayed, and thence set out for Tyre."

Alexandrine rhetoricians were not given to under-writing or to divine reticence. The Hays code is at work. It is not Tatius' code — when Cleitophon gratifies Melitta adulterously to get out of prison, after refusing to enjoy her legitimately as a widow, he

puts in a passage to the effect that love needs no cushions, which reads like an i r o n i c manifesto. The throw-away of the wedding night itself looks like irony at someone's expense. His lovers are only chaste, in the first place at least, because they are interrupted. This is "erotic" literature in a different tradition from that in which Daphnis and Chloe on their wedding night slept no more than two birds of the night. Xenophon's Habrocome and Anthea, whose adventures are just as hair-raising, are married in the first book. And even Eustatius' much later Byzantine lovers — two of the nicest in literature, — before they have to leave on the conventional assault course — do a good deal of providentially-interrupted petting. /5 Tatius foreshadows the literature of conventional chivalry, but he also foreshadows the modern and pre-modern literature of impotence. This has been called a "panegyric of chastity," /6 and one is aware off-stage of a virulent contemporary monasticism which regarded woman as evil and suffering as an acceptable substitute; in which martyrdom as a prelude to resurrection was the only decent form of sexual excitement, and in which Origen castrated himself physically as well as emotionally. Tatius rather than Longus sets the key of the literary-erotic tradition of Christendom: it is with suffering, not women, that his readers are already expected to be in love.

The rest of this genealogy is well worth following for its own sake. The most striking note in Tatius' romance, in view of its literary progeny, is the stock rhetorician's device by which it is held together — each section begins with the description of a picture seen by chance in a temple or an art shop, a chose vue which sets the key to the impending incident. The first of these pictures, which appear like Tarot cards to predict the fortunes of the story, is of Europa and the bull, and it prefaces two books of more or less realistic domestic incident; these include the abduction of the unwanted fiancée by pirates, engineered in part by the hero, and his own elopement with Leucippe. The third book begins with two more pictures, which forecast darker events and an impending change of mood; one is of Andromeda, the other of Prometheus, the distressed heroine and the distressed hero, accompanied by an ill-omened dream. Tatius goes out of his way to rub in the significance of these figures; both are bound, both are unjustly tormented, both are on the point of rescue. The bondage motif, the torture of Prometheus and his release, are to be reflected in the details of the episode of disembowelling and revival. Book V, and the second sham death, is preceded by another symbol of ill-omen — this time the tapestry woven by Philomela to show her rape by Tereus, and her revenge in making him eat his son. But fortunately we know that the actors in this sinister legend, turned to birds, remember their sufferings only in their songs — so, in the final chapters (if the novel is indeed complete) the story and its lovers make a perfect landing where they began, in ordinary life and at a different level of existence — they wake up, as it were, to normality.

This device of the pictures is used with rather startling psychoanalytical insight. Tatius might have been reading Róheim, and in his choice of Andromeda and Prometheus to preside over the story, he has accurately selected the tutelary deities of European Romanticism, and of the emotional disabilities which have perpetually haunted it. This is not the first appearance of Andromeda in Alexandrian novels. The plot of Heliodorus' Aethiopica turns on a changeling heroine, an Ethiopian princess born white instead of black because of the moment of her conception her mother had looked too hard at the white body of her ancestress Andromeda in a family portrait. By the same prenatal influence she is destined to be abducted, tormented, chained and unsuccessfully burned at the stake for ten books, before being united to her lover, who has meanwhile

5/ Eustatius, Hysminias and Hysmine.

6/ F. A. Todd, Some Ancient Novels (Oxford University Press, 1940).

undergone similar hardships, wrestled with bulls, and narrowly escaped death as a human sacrifice. Through her mother's lack of concentration she has fallen under the dominion of the Goddess of comic-books. For Andromeda is not the only captive princess of chivalry who is there to be rescued — she is de Sade's Misfortunes of Virtue; she symbolises the ambivalence of literature towards tormented maidens; according to the Roman astrologers those born under her constellation are neither heroes, nor even damsels in distress, but professional torturers —

> supplicium vectigal erit — qui denique posset
> pendentem e scopulis ipsam spectare puellam
> vinctorum dominus, sociusque in parte catenae /7

ánd Perseus carries in his hand the Gorgon's head, the anatomical and moral équivoque of Womanhood, the sight of which, like the evil eye, can turn to stone. Tatius makes Prometheus Andromeda's male twin. They are unjustly condemned, male and female. In their constructive moments they have been pity and liberty, chivalry and revolution: but they have a number of darker avatars as the gratuitously ill-used heroine, and the victim of the tormentor-father — the revolutionary and erotic images which alternate so disconcertingly in The Revolt of Islam.

Andromeda and Prometheus are unacquainted figures from unrelated myths; the Alexandrian novel fuses the suffering hero and the suffering heroine into a combination new to literature, which is to dominate it from then on, the lovers who suffer together instead of sleeping together — for whom, in later writers, death will be the eventual orgasm, la mort doulce translated from the ecstasies of coition to those of simultaneous death. This is not a theme of Classical literature, where lovers die of grief, or for revenge — but it is a theme of Christian martyrology, and it was destined to become perhaps the most popular single motif in European literature: sometimes merely decorative, as the tortured saints of the holy pictures are decorative, sometimes with the whole Romantic empathy behind it. When Shelley came to use it he by-passed the literary tradition in which dying lovers were a conventional source of tragic endings, and took his material at one remove from its Alexandrine origin, and with its original erotic significance intact; his martyred lovers are lifted from Tasso, as Tasso had borrowed from Heliodorus. Shelley adjusted the story to suit his own psychological requirements: Tasso's Olindo joins his unrequiting beloved at the stake after an unsuccessful attempt to save her by a false confession, and laments, in words very like those of Cleitophon to Leucippe, that these are not the bonds he hoped to see unite them; Shelley's Cythna volunteers to die with Laon, simply, it appears, to complete their mutual ecstasy: Olindo and Sophronia are rescued — Laon and Cythna wake, after a spectacular combustion, in the post-orgasmal repose of a Shelleyan paradise. On their way through the Renaissance the symbols of love and torment have now acquired a cathexis and an intensity quite foreign to Tatius and Heliodorus, but familiar enough to modern readers.

In Shelley, the gallery of unfortunate virtue is complete — Prometheus punished by Zeus, Beatrice Cenci exposed as victim not of a decently reticent monster, but to the incestuous assaults of a father who talks very like de Sade; and finally the lovers of The Revolt of Islam, translated from the stake to a Baroque landscape in a fantasy of really alarming intensity, where sexual excitement, masochism, lyrical poetry and revolutionary politics are inextricable and interchangeable. This mixture was evidently not to everybody's taste: Shelley defended the work against the protests of his friends with the same well-justified candour as Flaubert — "The poem was produced by a series of thoughts which filled my mind with sustained and unbounded enthusiasm.... I felt that it was in many respects a picture of my own mind." The same psychosymbolic mater-

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7/ Manilius, Astron. 5, 627 seq.

ial is exploited in The Cenci, and finally tamed in Prometheus, but it is in the extended form of The Revolt of Islam that the self-identification is most whole-hearted. There is certainly no better example of a work, or a series of works, in which a compulsive fantasy has produced great literature. By the end of the century, the motif of shared bondage and death as a decent and more ecstatic form of coition has become completely explicit — in Hassan, or Les Noyades — and is even present in a muffled form in improbable works like The Last of the Mohicans.

Pegasus, the symbol of imaginative literature, sprang from the blood of the Gorgon. In psychoanalytical terms this seems to be abundantly true, at least of our own literature, but Freud might also have pointed out that it is this particular Gorgon which petrified the emotional development of an entire culture, to make Andromeda's chains more desirable than her person.

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So much for the ancestry of the literary "comic" — what of its present and future? If Freudian concepts account for the content of literary forms, the reasons for their prevalence at a given time seem to be chiefly social.

The sub-sexual pulp novel, with or without an exotic cast, and still more its middle-class equivalents, seem to represent a thoroughgoing return of the European novel to one of its origins, and the arbitrary plot linking a series of sexually-coloured but technically chaste episodes, the displacement of physical sexuality by torments and misfortunes, and the typical irrelevance of the linking commentary, which are the features of this commercial genre today — were present in the works which set the key of the European novel. The Hays Code and its literary progeny were born together. There in no hokum in Hollywood which these early novels do not anticipate, and strikingly little difference in the formula they had to fill, apart from an added requirement of stylistic elaboration.

Hokum is the stock-in-trade of the story teller. It is as necessary to Hemingway as to Heliodorus. It never fails, even with those too highbrow to admit its appeal, and if it appears in Alexandrine rhetoricians it does so as freely in the Arabian Nights and in Shakespeare. When literary forms lose interest as literature, there is always hokum to fall back on, and it has played a quite remarkable part in providing inspiration for serious writers. The similarity between the late Alexandrine novel and the matter of pulp fiction and television — as well as the cause of its germinal influence on European fiction generally — is in the selection of permissible fantasies. Heliodorus, speed apart, might have written the script for any of the more restrained Hollywood exotics — unlike Longus, who makes sexuality natural and charming, or Apuleius, who enjoyed it and satirised it, the novelists who exerted most influence on the subsequent development of fiction were, as we have seen, precisely those who obeyed something similar to the Hays Code in their selection of permissible fantasy, and the consequences are similar.

The natural history of the response to hokum, especially sexual hokum, in our society is more interesting than speculation about its psychodynamics. The cathexis attached to suffering, and especially masochism, seems to be more intense in the audience of "serious" than of popular literature. (A side effect of this is that the tragic dénouement has now a strong prestige significance — it is evidence of "serious" intention, even if it has to be dragged in quite as arbitrarily as the last-minute rescues of romance.) The "serious" work must end on a note of frustration — "happy" endings are stigmatic of a lower form of literature. The algolagnia of popular literature is by contrast of a robust kind. It prefers fights, beatings, bindings and danger-situations which are physical and have to that extent a genital reference: it avoids the much less healthy refinements of purely mental suffering; and masochism is popular only if it does not go too far. Popular self-identifi-

cation will stand up to a threat of combustion or drowning in aphrodisiac circumstances, and find it agreeable, but it knows where to stop — ecstasies pushed to the point of decease, like those of Laon or Les Noyades, have no future in them. Women, perhaps for physiological reasons, seem willing to venture further: they will accompany the heroine up to and including her actual demise — "What a loverly death to die!", as Nellie Wallace used to sing — but there must be at least a celestial choir between them and the darkness of annihilation.

These sex differences in response and readership have an important effect on popular erotic iconography. Kinsey points out that women do not respond erotically to printed matter anything like as predictably as men, and consequently do not read for direct physical stimulation — there is a whole literature addressed to them in which the erotic element is social. Many of the excesses of the "tough" commercial romance are due to the fact that it is addressed only to men: the heroines are expendable, and not for self-identification, while the two-seater fantasy of Tatius and the cinema, by contrast, is to some extent moderated by the fact that it must suit readers of both sexes. Other heroines are sacrificed, quite arbitrarily, to an extension of the Hays convention on adultery: the wages of sexuality are death. Even Hemingway's Catherine goes this way.

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At the bottom of the pyramid, rape now supplements murder — near the top, Bulldog Drummond has gone into partnership with Lautréamont and developed an explicit sex-life. With the second of these events I for one would not quarrel. From the point of view of mental health the objectionableness of the modern version lies not particularly in the erotic significance it gives to violence, and least of all in the return of some normal love-making, but in its quality of affectlessness in brutality. This is alarming because we have seen it recently in real life. Indeed, not all sadistic imagery is cruel, and not all cruelty is sadistic: a good deal of the violence in question is spiteful rather than erotic. The authors of paper-backs do not need to manufacture machinery to revive their corpses — the corpses are perfectly acceptable dead. These corpses, moreover, are not Elizabethan, or even Gothic — they are mechanically and affectlessly produced; they purge no emotions because they excite none. They are simple required as décor to produce potency. In older erotic romances, the plot, however arbitrary, is a means of preserving the decencies, and showing that the game, even if it is bloodthirsty, is still a game. The modern romance has no use for nursery games. Accordingly the better it is done, the more alarming it becomes. It may be that there is greater sincerity in accepting the fact that if, in real life, you shoot your woman she will die without benefit of coincidence: modern readers would probaly be insulted by mummery with fake bullet-holes, though I think Mr. Fleming, who is nearest of his contemporaries to the spirit of Tatius, would consider them if he had to. the realistic and social aspect of the "sex and violence" hero is his least likeable: Tatius and even de Sade do not threaten our everyday self-control, whereas Mr. Mickey Spillane does.

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ial is exploited in The Cenci, and finally tamed in Prometheus, but it is in the extended form of The Revolt of Islam that the self-identification is most whole-hearted. There is certainly no better example of a work, or a series of works, in which a compulsive fantasy has produced great literature. By the end of the century, the motif of shared bondage and death as a decent and more ecstatic form of coition has become completely explicit — in Hassan, or Les Noyades — and is even present in a muffled form in improbable works like The Last of the Mohicans.

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It is worth looking more closely at the sadistic component in this literature, for in reality critical anger over such matter still depends on the content of sex, not the proportion of violence. Let me make it clear that "sex and violence" is in all respects an improvement, in my view, on violence alone, even if sex has entered the firm only as a junior partner. Much of literary history since the time of Tatius has been taken up with the attempts of the public to get, and writers to give them, an erotic literature dealing with adult sexual behaviour, and the efforts of a disturbed minority to keep normality out in favour of decent sadism and masochism — to which, as long as they have no genital references, there is no moral objection. If Mr. Spillane had written a contemporary Daphnis and Chloe it would have been banned. Chastelard was indignantly attacked by our grandfathers, not for the hero's erotic rhapsody over decapitation, but because he hid under Queen Mary's bed; and the art of the pornographer, if one can call it that, has long consisted in trying to introduce among decent, patriotic, and even devout abnormality the elements of normal sex which make it sell.

Sadistic fantasy in a frankly sexual content is itself less mischievous, since less likely to erupt in overt behaviour, than rationalised literary projection of sadistic fantasy, and much less infectious by example. There are not many people who imitate Jack the Ripper, and those who do so can be segregated; but there are a great many British Conservative Party Congress delegates who yell their support for flogging, as there are disturbed Americans who reject the decline of the Klan — and they can neither be segregated nor shamed.

We can see another and more specifically sexual origin for pulp novel violence in the stereotype of the heroines — or the lay figures — with whom the routine of sex-and-violence is enacted. At least they are responsive. They rub themselves against the impending ravisher like cats; they throb, bite, scratch and emit ecstatic cries — they are the women of the Sanskrit erotic textbooks, which classify with great thoroughness several dozen varieties of love-bites, excitatory scratch-marks, erotic blows, and exclamations in intercourse. /9 These women behave, in short, as women of some cultures appear to have behaved, as the reader's girl friend or wife does not behave, and as he very probably wishes she would.

Geoffrey Gorer remarks of sex-and-violence literature that "despite all the prohibitions of convention and law people do acquire sexual experience, and for the greater part find out that they have been stuffed with lies — that though pleasant it is not such lasting ecstasy and final solution as art would leave us to suppose; and then they are ready for the other half of our myth, violence". (Bali and Angkor, 1936.)

When anyone finds that orchestral music, though pleasant, is overrated, I am inclined to suspect either a lack of musical sensibility or the effects of an inferior performance. The public estimate is not all derived from fable — it represents also a shrewd intuition that the performance they are attending is not of concert standard. One has to be extraordinarily lucky, in our society, to meet one nymphomaniac in a lifetime. The ravisher or lover of the pulp novel (they are synonymous) pummels and manhandles his victim even though she is responsive. His reader has perhaps to restrain himself from pummeling the woman who lies so disappointingly still, in order to obtain some reaction, any reaction, in response. And what in a less sexually-anxious society is a game, to be played hard, but not rough, and certainly not foul, is in our society interpreted as a child is apt to interpret a glimpse of adult coition — as an alarming piece of violence, carrying with it the stigma which, in a humane society, is attached to violence in general. People in our society do not observe one another's sexual performance, or even, being otherwise occupied, their own. The con brio description by d'Annunzio in Forse che si is in its essentials only

9/ R. Schmidt, Beiträge zur indischen Erotik (Berlin, 1911).

an accurate piece of field natural history, the normal coital responses of a rather demonstrative couple; it is the author who misinterprets their superficially alarming and paroxysmal behaviour as a Martian would interpret the facial expression of a winning miler. Some of the violence of the purely sexual component in pulp fiction comes from the same source, less accurately observed for lack of the opportunity of observation. Copyright presents difficulties of quotation: I hope that this already-quoted example is genuine, for it is certainly typical —

> I started to open her dress fiercely, but I was all thumbs with excitement. She showed me how, in between a mixture of whimpers and passionate gasps. And then...we met like a pair of savage animals....
>
> - - - -
>
> She didn't budge as I leaned over and tore off her dress in one. Then her negligee — that split like a burst sheath. I guess she thought passive resistance would beat me, so she went all stiff.
>
> But now it was my turn to see plenty — and this time her eyes had a kinda excited fear in them. But still she wasn't for moving, and that made things sorta difficult at first. So I whipped my belt off and strapped her arms to the bedhead. Then I kissed her, hard; she bit back at me till the blood spurted from my lips.
>
> By this time I was sure wild. And she — she was moaning and frantic with passion. 'Cut me free — tear me!' she moaned. I t o r e her alright — all strapped up, just like that.
>
> (Quoted from Hoggart, The Uses of Literacy)

This is hardly sadism, except in its technical sense: it is enthusiastic coition seen through the keyhole by an inexperienced adolescent and embroidered — a violent, convulsive and noisy business, which makes him wonder whether he ought not interfere. The embroidery is especially inexperienced — Durtal in Là-Bas artfully removes his braces before the arrival of a potential mistress, to avoid undignified interruptions; the idea of t e a r i n g a woman's clothes off her back indicates only a lack of field trial — (there is the same lack of practicality in most of the hand-to-hand fights which fill the intervals between rapes in these books, the writers, like Melanie Klein's babies, vastly overrating their physical powers of causing injury).

It looks as if the hard-back and soft-back readers have one anxiety in common, whether they ravish women or only bite them: the object of the violence in each case is to secure response, unnecessary, one would have thought, with such provocative women, unless it is only a game. But whereas in real life these lovers would recover their breath, a little bruised and embarrassed by their own vehemence, the characters of fiction keep up the same pre-orgasmal frenzy in their other activities.

These activities are brutal, and either criminal or justified because the persons assaulted are criminals. This consequence flows directly from the other sources of the popularity of the genre at all levels of society. Society conscripts the unestablished reader and kicks him around — if we were not too well brought up we would kick society back: established or unestablished respectability has an ill-defined association with the disappointing frigidity of our women: rough stuff, in our folklore, at least makes women respond, if only by protest. Therefore let us imagine ourselves gangsters, able to kick society, occupationally brutal, whose women are disreputably responsive — if not the misfortunes of virtue, at least the prosperities of vice. Better, if we have something substantial to lose from gangsterism, let us be a law above the law — we can

then beat the gangsters (who deserve it) and enjoy their women, with a genuflection to righteousness—we have a civilised dislike for violent criminals in real life, and in any case we do not want to be sent down as delinquents.

Hoggart does not give the sources of his examples — they appear to come from "unestablished" popular fiction, without glossy covers, and though representative, already a little behind the times. Erotic sub-fiction is getting steadily more sophisticated, and, at the same time, coming to reflect middle-class tastes in fantasy, masochism instead of sadism, and modern plumbing. The heroines of paper novels in the 1900's were seduced by their creator's idea of a rich waster in their audience's idea of a Mayfair flat. The new conventions are increasingly those of readers with some experience of love-making in conditions of privacy and with running hot water. At the top of the pyramid the backs are no longer paper, and the experience of the fictional heroes greater. Mr. Fleming's "James Bond," the most experienced of these heroes, and an ex-Naval Commander, does not — I think I am right in saying — commit rape, nor imagine he can conveniently undress a woman by brute force. He confines himself to willing subjects and has the sense to ask first if they are virgins, though he may bite them as a purely erotic stimulus. The rest of his time is occupied, not so much in killing people, as in being tortured. It is the tone of officerly experience which does the damage here, for it extends to all the masochistic routines which the eponymous hero undergoes, often in confined spaces which suggest a Rankian birth-trauma — or, more probably, memories of engine-room duty. That it is masochism, rather than sadism, is itself an indication of a genre rising in the world and covering-up a little; recently the fantasy is schizoid rather than doggedly mechanical. The soft-back reader, by contrast, still has a realistic perception that in matter of fact it is more blessed to give than to receive, whatever happens in fantasy. It takes the hard-back reader to save face by making at least a token appearance of being at the receiving end. In one sense this is reminiscent of Alexandria — Cleitophon was a suffering hero; he seldom effectively resists assault, except when a particularly violent assailant cuts a hand on his front teeth — and the capture of his girl, or even her impending murder, is more likely to stimulate rhetoric than really effective interference. Unlike Heliodorus' Theagenes he gives no displays of superhuman daring, and the only woman who solicits him as James Bond is solicited ("I want it all, James, everything you've ever done to a girl. Now. Quickly!" /10) does not get it, at least not until later. But then Cleitophon has no firearms. And he is not an officer.

I cannot help feeling that the masochism of the Establishment is not so much decency as cover. It has the ominous half-in-earnest air which "interrogated" persons describe in real-life tormentors. Mr. Fleming's hero chivalrously plays the victim, but I would not trust him to question any Cypriots, of either sex. The Alexandrine hero was spineless, perhaps, but decent and unofficial. The Elizabethan villain — Aaron or Vargas — was painfully moral in his Crowleyan protestations of deliberate wickedness. He does not stand for the approved conduct of society, nor represent the product of a bad upper-class school. But the "special agent" — who tortures suspects, ravishes women and for preference shoots them afterwards, is the emissary of Society — or at least he stands for authority and its uses, for the unlimited rights of aggressive behaviour which it confers, and he is expected to carry the admiring acquiescence of his readers. The modern erotic hero at the establishment level is a professional, official, and, in Britain, upper-class bully with enough masochism in him to make him obedient and a little less aware of other people's feelings. When he is cynical, as in Mr. Spillane, one can take him as a satire; he is at his least loveable when he is attached to illiterate, contemporary political stereotypes — Bulldog Drummond's "pacifists" or Mr. Fleming's "Russians" and "chingroes" (half-Chinese, half-Negro), even

10/ Ian Fleming, Diamonds are Forever (London: Cape, 1956).

in a schizophrenic background. Unfortunately he is also at his most realistic; history is anticipating fantasy. If John Buchan's Richard Hannay was a secret agent and a gentleman, his duties did not in those days include conducting "interrogations" on the Algerian pattern, and taking turns at undergoing them, or inflicting them on his colleagues, by way of training. The world demand for such heroes seems to be increasing rapidly, as henchmen for chaster and better-rationalised delinquents. Literature will not create them, but it could conceivably educate them. No well-read adolescent, even if he had never been trained to fight "terrorists," would now need to go back to Damhouder's "Praxis Rerum Criminalium" to find out how to torture somebody. The attitude of such hero-villains to women is of a piece with the rest of their activities. The Greek Perseus left Andromeda on her rock while he haggled with her parents — Mr. Fleming's hero would certainly rescue her, but might make love to her in situ: Mr. Spillane's hero, who "specialises in shooting women in the belly" would presumably rape her first and give her to the monster afterwards.

Much has been made of the class background of the official hero. I doubt if he has any political planning behind him — nobody, that is, in Mr. Legman's phrase /11, has sat down and said, "Come, and let us deal wisely with them." He has appeared, like all literary figures, in response to the general climate of the times, even if that includes the class anxieties which George Orwell saw in him. But he meets a need of government (all government) which a genuinely erotic literature — one, that is, concerned primarily with the physical expression of love rather than hate — cannot meet. The selectivity of censorship towards sex and in favour of violence has for the most part unconscious origins — but, at the same time, it is no accident that the sort of people who demand an asexual literature are often also the sort of people who control governments and are willing to condone thuggery by proxy — the springs of prudery, of brutality and of ambition are very often the same. And even if leaderships are not drawn, like volunteer censorships, from emotionally-handicapped people, obedient violence will in any case be more popular with administrations than love. They need manly (and unscrupulous) men; it is not easy to fit the individual who "hugs his kicksy-wicksy here at home, that should sustain the bound and high curvet of Mars his fiery steed" into the machine of comic-book politics. He is lacking in proper offensive spirit — mushy, in fact. Men who get more pleasure from beating up Cypriots, Algerians or Hungarians than from staying at home with the girls are an administrative godsend — men in love, by contrast, tend to be at once tiresomely unwarlike in the cause of Civilisation and violently combative in resisting civic privileges such as conscription or deportation. In fact, when a man does hit back at the machine, love, not principle, is usually behind it.

To this extent the change from last century's recipe of violence alone, the prescribed material for generating manly youths with no sentimental nonsense about them, seems to represent an advance in erotic fiction if only a small one. If the authors of literary-comics are working off abnormal preoccupations, I doubt if their readers are — to anything like the same extent. There are several possible reasons other than endemic formal sadism for the popularity of literary violence with the audience — conscripts, young industrial workers, clerks — who are the chief readers of paper-backed novels. (I am less satisfied about the readers of hard-backed novels.) One is the exasperation of current affairs, of life in a society which is two-faced, run by advertisers and confidence men who talk glibly about terminating human history if necessary, and who are equipped with powers of conscription — a society nonetheless in which, through the advent of order and of humane ideas, there are no accessible heads to punch. The bears, dogs and cocks which our ancestors maltreated are protected today against transferred aggression as effectively as Prime Ministers and Secretaries of State, and much more justly. Zeus has a police escort — even the vulture has the Wild Birds Protection Act behind it.

11/ G. Legman, Love and Death (1949).

This is the result of a real and important gain in humane sensibility and in civilised behaviour. The ages of faith discharged their i r r a t i o n a l aggressions in austerity and persecution; the eighteenth century, to judge from its sports and punishments, in public brutality. We have largely renounced these activities — the super-irrationalities and nuclear weapons and the Cold War do not replace them, because these are primarily the fabrication of a very small minority of persons in office, foisted by them on publics which are at least uneasy and at most quiescent. There is no private outlet for irrational aggression compatible with our self-respect. The proper alternative is to transmute it into rational direct action, purposive and if possible level-headed r e s e n t m e n t against abuses, and if necessary against persons, which will bring the rest of society into line with its own moral pretensions. But this is much too hard a discipline for most intellectuals, and the eighteen-year-old conscript, facing the entire apparatus of stage-management, beset by the traps set for him by political leaders, and unused to concerted action without orders, finds this task of transmuting mere resentment into political action intellectually difficult, personally dangerous, and often beyond him altogether. Could one help him? One could certainly try. Commercial popular art studies the natural history of its audience very carefully. More dedicated writers might learn to do the same.

Nordau predicted that humanity would eventually cease to produce art altogether and took as an example the way in which dancing, which is the most important and significant cultural activity in primitive societies, has steadily lost significance until it has become an amusement. Nordau was not a very amiable critic, and I think this view greatly misconceives the nature of art, but what Nordau says here of art in general is certainly true of individual art forms, and I think it might well be true of the novel. We now produce two kinds of literature, popular and unpopular. While in our public mind most of us wish to write unpopular literature, because it is honourable to do so, we hope at the same time that its unpopularity will not be enough to prevent it from being sold, or at least from being published. Art forms are subject to natural selection, and it is a matter of eventual fact that work which cannot be published will not be written: writing for a non-existent audience is as barren a satisfaction as praying to a non-existent God. Several factors are now conspiring to increase the unpopularity of fictional genres which could formerly hold their own — the economics of publishing, the disappearance of the audience to whom the former novels were addressed, and the change of public taste.

The novel is a story with some reference to real life — which may not be more than a starting-point. I think there are fundamentally only three kinds of novelistic story, special cases apart — three essences, if you like, which can be used to flavour it. There is the social novel, the prose equivalent of comedy or of tragedy, which makes its effect by appealing to our sympathy and experience of ourselves and our neighbours: there is the picaresque novel, which appeals to our need for adventure and rebellion — and there is the erotic novel, which appeals to our sexuality, with its shadow, the anti-erotic novel. The blends and permutations of these themes have been sufficient to sustain the novel as an art form through its whole development. There is a fourth, which is getting common, and which it is in fact increasingly hard to avoid writing: that is the novel which is realistic, but the reality which it depicts is fantasy come to life and enacted in history. In our lifetime a writer possessed by an incubus — the obsessive-compulsive fantasy of Kafka, for example, or the sadistic fantasy of Mirbeau — does not need to invent a situation in which it can be expressed; other similarly preoccupied people in positions of authority are already busy expressing these fantasies in current affairs. Kafka depicting his prison camp, digging his burrow, or trying to get into the castle is relying on his imagination, but today he could equally well be writing documentaries. Mirbeau's erotic torture does not now need to be set in the imaginary Orient.

He could almost be writing recent history or biography, and I suspect that one could find current documentary parallels within one day's flying-time of London.

The social ingredient in fiction has helped in the past to keep it on the rails, but it is becoming harder and harder to use, because it depends to some extent on a settled state of society and values. People today read the social novels of the past. If in a contemporary setting one substitutes individual psychology for manners, the result approaches one of the other genres I have mentioned. The picaresque ingredient, in so far as it concerns adventure, particularly the adventures of rebels and masterless men, is again being overtaken by actuality — and actuality is more to the taste of modern readers.

The neotechnic society may very well have little interest in the social novel based on class or character. It seems quite possible that it will prefer to polarise its literary interests between actuality on the one hand and comic-book fantasy on the other. If so, Nordau's analogy with dancing will be more than apt, for the only social use which dancing retains, out of its many former uses, is erotic. That does not mean that society will be able to do without other serious art forms — Brave New World, in fact — it might well read the novels of the past, as we read epic poetry of the past, and re-use them in its own tradition. But for anyone to write epic poetry today is evidence of a lack of literary judgement: the unpopular novel of today may be written tomorrow only as the analogue to morris-dancing.

Huxley's prediction was perceptive, because his Brave New World had nominally got rid of psychopathology in private life and of psychopathology in office, albeit by means which reflect Huxley's own scepticism about the possibility of doing so. Future society with nuclear weapons must control both in fact if it is to survive at all, but its success may be partial only — the most frightening risk is that the fantastic-realistic genre of the future will go on being written as now in actual events, not ink, by deranged people who are enacting fantasy instead of discharging it in literature.

The characteristically modern genre of the fantastic is, I suppose, science fiction. This was originally no more than an imaginative forecast of the possibilities of science, but it has been captured by its literary ancestors, just as the non-scientific romance has been captured by the erotic comic. At one extreme, the two are not very different, with jargon playing the part of magic in pre-industrial fantasy, space travel as an exotic setting, and the mad scientist, who is a compound of Prometheus and Faust, playing the part of the wizard — at the other, science fiction has become the vehicle through which more than one scientist who is not mad has tried to draw attention to the social activities of non-scientists who are. Nobody has yet made quite this use of the comic — except Voltaire. There is no room here to pursue the ancestry of Utopias and of science fantasy turned satire — it begins perhaps with Lucian and with the Golden Ass and reaches us via More and Gulliver, who stand in the same relation to comic-book science as Candide does to comic-book romance: both owe their sting to the convergence between fantasy and history. Just as Kafka and Mirbeau now sound unpleasantly factual, it is hard to tell whether some of the fantasies of science fiction are paranoiac or merely satirical — the slug-like invaders from outer Space who parasitize the will and intelligence by attaching themselves to the base of our skulls come from the same source as the electrical waves by means of which unseen enemies influence the certifiably i n s a n e — until we read that as a protection against their activities the U. S. Senate agrees to meet stripped to the waist /12, and we find ourselves if not in real life at least close to it.

As I see it, the novel-writer today faces this problem: he has an audience which is increasingly demanding a literary separation of actuality from imagination, but he has also to cope with a tri-

12/ R. Heinlein, The Puppet-Masters (New York: Doubleday, 1951).

angular relationship between fiction as a vehicle for pure fantasy, fantasy-fiction as a vehicle for satire on society, and a society which is compelled by its leaders to enact pathological fantasies in fact. I have been talking about popular fiction — it may well be that those who wish to write unpopular fiction will opt out, and we shall have the same situation as exists in poetry, which now makes little attempt to address any audience outside the lecture room. There is a certain amount of self-satisfaction to be had from accepting the Third Programme as a ghetto, but the tenure of a literary form which lives on these terms is, to say the least, shaky.

The alternative is to write popular fiction. I think it is safe to say that there is no functioning art form, however poor its execution, which cannot be exploited if one has enough ingenuity. And in any case the process is already in train. If the erotic-comic-book genre is growing up from below, the unpopular novel is coming down from above to meet it. Ever since Freud, motif has been steadily gaining at the expense of manner. The notion of writing "popular" fiction as edification suggests the cleaned-up comic-book, in which, instead of secular bloodshed, David slaughters Goliath and Joan of Arc is burned at the stake. My intention here, though less specific than that, is more promising: if only the romance will be read, if motifs are to matter more than treatment, if literature is to be got in edgewise between them, at least the requirements are not more stringent than those stylisations which myth and ceremony imposed on Greek, or Elizabethan, taste and politics on Tudor, drama. We need to study the natural history of literature today, not to acquire riches, or not only to acquire riches, but to accept the challenge which social changes always impose on writers; when the philistine says "You must," to reply "I have — see how you like that!"

If I knew how to write the type of fiction which would fulfil these requirements today, I would write it — making the assumptions which I have made here, that neurotic anxieties and immaturity are common property, but that my audience is saner than its censors and its leaders, and that the destructive emphases in literature, as well as in history, are to some extent imposed upon it. Godwin tried to do precisely this in Caleb Williams and St. Leon. If he did not make anarchism popular, at least he inspired Shelley. Graham Greene has attempted the same thing, but without using the crudely fetishistic techniques which the medium really demands. I would rather write like Longus than like Mr. Fleming, but if editors, readers or censors compel me to write like Mr. Fleming in order to be heard — or for that matter like the conformist colleagues of Pasternak — I would make a fair offer to turn any imposed restrictions into horrid arms against their originators.

Not all writers will share my assumptions. But most of them will recognise the symptoms I have described, the depletion, as it were, of the novel and the tendency for it to break up into its component literary genres, and to become a habit-forming drug. The novel has been the literary form par excellence of the period which gave us liberalism and science, but also industrialism and totalitarianism. How much it contributed as a social influence to these gains and losses I would not like to say. Any social influence it has had might now be transferred elsewhere. At the same time, as long as stories are read, regardless of what is in them, fiction is still a possible medium.

If, moreover, like so many good people, we are depressed by popular literature today, or by some alarming things in it, we should remember that Prometheus is not the only symbol of cruelty, and Faustian competition to enact the fantasies of deranged people is not the only function of science. Shelley's answer is the right one. Science has made it possible for us to understand some of the relations between psychosymbolism in literature and behaviour in society, or at least to look for them. It has also, by the same token, made it possible to envisage turning psychopathology out of history, whether or not we can or should turn it out of literature.

What we require is the will. And if indeed the audiences for whom we write are saner than their leaders, and saner than their literature, the writer today, like the doctor and the psychiatrist, has a duty of incitement as well as consolation — for, in Tatius' terms, if Herakles can unbind Prometheus we will not have to worry about the misfortunes of virtue.

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BOOK REVIEW

Norman O. Brown — Life Against Death: The Psychoanalytical Meaning of History. Middletown, Conn.: Wesleyan University Press, 1959. Pp. 366 + xii (including notes, bibliography, and name index). $6.50.

Erik H. Erikson — Young Man Luther, A Study in Psychoanalysis and History. New York: W. W. Norton & Co., 1958. Pp. 288 (including notes and index). $4.50.

A. Bronson Feldman — The Unconscious in History. New York: Philosophical Library, 1959. Pp. 269 + iv (including notes; no index). $4.75.

Writers of history utilize general assumptions as to the nature of man and his place in the universe in order to indicate where attention to his ills or to his plight might alleviate his condition or to indicate with what attitude he should meet his inexorable fate. The application of psychoanalytic principles to historical materials has been even partially successful only in that small area that history shares with literature, biography. To date it has not been demonstrated that psychanalysis will serve as a general theory of history.

Feldman's book reveals the difficulties that have plagued the analysts who have tried to utilize their clinical tools in historical essays. He starts out, he says, to play the devil's advocate in testing whether Freud's social psychoanalysis is valid when applied to historical questions. His conclusions, however, rest not on historical evidence but on the authority of writers in the field of psychotherapy, chiefly Freud and his followers. And then Feldman's psychology as revealed, for example, in passages generalizing about women and love leaves serious doubt as to his grasp of psychoanalytic theory and practice.

Serious historians will simply ignore the incidental insights and provocative hypotheses that crop up in The Unconscious in History because of the fundamental shortcomings of Feldman's essays. He wrote not cautiously out of thorough understanding but in order to say at once all that he knew when he wrote, a procedure that would reveal anyone's limitations. For example, he utilizes historical evidence only superficially and often inaccurately — "all great revolutions seem to be started by women infuriated with famine and bereavement of their young and also. . .a crisis in genital pride." Far too much of the prose is irrelevant prejudice and invective: "the imperial pederast Alexander the Great. . .the imperial catamite Julius Caesar."

Most disappointingly, however, Feldman does not consistently employ a psychoanalytic viewpoint in looking at history. Instead, he often employs either common-sense, conventional motivations or economic and conspiracy interpretations acceptable to only the crudest Marxist or Populist.

It is in this light that Brown's book appears most exciting, for he has thoughtfully and carefully constructed a real theory of history based on psychoanalytic theory. Feldman even in analogy

does not progress farther than individual analysis. Brown believes that there is in Freud the key to the riddle of history and the solution of the modern dilemma. Those who have read Herbert Marcuse's Eros and Civilization will already be familiar with the gist of the argument.

According to Brown individuals might be cured of their own neuroses, but they would still be suffering from the neurosis of history. The historic neurosis causes such symptoms as insatiable discontent and a greedy, acquisitive money system. The historical process is the conflict between the life instinct (Eros) and the death instinct. The death instinct has gained the upper hand by means of progressively greater sublimation, a process little understood in Freudian theory. Sublimation, says Brown, is not the deflection of Eros but its negation.

Brown pictures himself as one of the "friends of the life instinct." As an alternative to strangulation by sublimation Brown suggests that man try to give direct expression to his unconscious, infantile desires in a form uncontaminated by an admixture of the death instinct. Brown's goal for man is like that of the analyst in therapy — to make the unconscious conscious. Ideally, children should grow up with "Dionysian" egos, unrepressed in a manner close to the work of some artists and to the spirit of free play. Brown envisages the liberation of a joyful, global (polymorphous), infantile sexuality, not the calculated practice of genitality (as in Reich).

Life Against Death is primarily an analysis of the way in which the death instinct is corrupting Western civilization. Brown is not explicit as to what the world would be like if Eros were liberated except to indicate that specific evils such as capitalism and guilt would wither away. Literature provides his primary fund of evidence, and he relies chiefly on men of letters to convey the spirit of his brave new world. An exhilarating chapter on Jonathan Swift makes Brown's point that the psychoanalysts might well do better to look at poets for "mental health and intellectual objectivity" rather than for neurosis.

The book contains brilliant passages and has a general persuasiveness that will make an impact far greater than a summary would suggest. Brown is avowedly controversial, even political. The clue to his allegiance lies in his malicious references to the neo-Freudians who overlooked elements of Freudianism so that the emasculated residue would support the liberal credo. The emotional involvement of the author betrays the fact that he, too, is a neo-Freudian, but of a different variety. He, too, has openly extended and revised Freudian theory. But Brown comes closer to being one of the neo-conservatives because of his appeal to the emotional, esthetic, and traditional; his belief that man is not fundamentally good, and his strong attempt to translate his neo-Freudianism into an orthodox Christianity — for example, he equates the resurrection of the body with the freeing of the id. By demanding both an eschatology and a utopia, Brown creates a truly radical tract, but one that may well have a powerful appeal in this well-fed era. It is a considerable accomplishment to make Freud into a romantic.

By using dialectics and glorying in paradox Brown in effect claims both sides of any argument. Unfortunately, the opposite is also true; he at once neglects the fundamental biological givens common to our species and at the same time plays down the malleability of the human animal under pressure. Repetitiousness and unnecessary complexity of Brown's many logical constructions and interrelations — unrelieved by a subject index — give the impression that the book, however eccentric, would benefit from a rewriting in which the goal was clarity — even in inconsistency, if necessary.

But such clarification would not produce empirical support for many of Brown's intriguing and stimulating assertions. He is willing to tell the economists, the anthropologists, and the analysts how to run their businesses. In the latter case he engenders doubts

by writing ex cathedra like Freud in his less restrained moments but without the years of clinical experience of the old man. True, Brown is well read in literature, but one may well question the weight of Rilke or even Nietzsche against clinical experience if one talks about analytic theory. Indeed, such a role is not entirely appropriate for literature.

The question of Brown's competence in psychoanalysis itself brings into question the entire importance of Life Against Death. He takes the death instinct far more seriously than Freud did, and, in places, betrays by his affirmations a trace of doubt. Indeed, the bulk of the book could have been written twenty or thirty years ago as far as psychoanalytic thought is concerned. Especially notable is the complete absence of ego psychology or references to any of its architects, none of whom would fit easily into Brown's scornful epithet of "Epigoni." Even Freud himself pictures a far more complex and layered unconscious than the one which Brown would turn loose upon the world. Brown clearly needs the help of the ego psychologists.

For Brown presents a theory of history geared to the infantile. As Erikson points out, however, psychoanalysis that emphasizes the childishness that persists in every adult cannot serve for the full range of historical action and interaction. History is the result of many human forces, not the least of which are adult work, discipline, and productivity that have an existence which demands understanding beyond genitality or even perversity. Both Brown and Erikson give considerable space to the preoccupation of Martin Luther with anal matters. Brown finds in this scatological tendency infantilism, sadism, and death, making mystic escapism necessary; to Erikson, Luther's anality is symptomatic of autonomy, necessary for adult creativity in this world.

Erikson's Young Man Luther shows what psychoanalysis can contribute to a mature view of history. He analyzes the identity crisis of Martin Luther, the period when the young man who was to be great underwent an experience of searching for the terms on which he could exist with himself and the world. Erikson is able to recreate this episode because of what he has learned working with young people today who have grave difficulties in achieving adult identities.

For biography — and literature — the application of psychoanalytic insights to the crises of talented young men and women is a large contribution. But Erikson goes on to indicate how the young monk's solution to his personal problems fitted the needs of a particular culture at a particular time.

> While this analysis does not explain either the ideological power or the theological consistency of his solution, it does illustrate that ontogenetic experience is an indispensable link and transformer between one stage of history and the next. This link is a psychological one, and the energy transformed and the process of transformation are both charted by the psychoanalytic method.

Just as men have identities with which they orient themselves to their worlds, so each age has a set of compatible identities for young people. Luther's crisis coincided with and helped to crystallize the Renaissance, a period marked by the availability of new societal roles.

The life cycle of an individual as pictured by Erikson does not end with the successful resolution of an identity crisis. Other books could be written about Luther's "problems of intimacy, generativity, and integrity," how, for example, the great reformer met a world that was now partially of his own creation. One of the functions of all societies is to provide for the whole life cycle in a way consistent with their institutions and existences and yet in a way that meets the needs of the individuals reared therein. Erikson hopes that cultures will learn to rear generations of children with

"disciplined as well as tolerant" consciences, children who will grow up to be creative and positive adults. It is clear that his viewpoint includes a theory of history that centers on the complex relationship between the mutable individual and his social milieu.

Erikson's specific contribution in Young Man Luther is in the realm of "psychological truth," that which is not demonstrable as fact but only felt to be true. All historians introduce "psychological truth" implicitly when dealing with human beings, and any historian would enrich his work if he could learn some psychology from Erikson. Since Luther's life is as well investigated as that of any historical figure, Erikson makes no attempt to discover new evidence, but he carefully uses the secondary literature and appropriate primary sources such as the Table-Talk. More than other retrospective psychoanalysts' Erikson's work carries weight because his history is sound — even in his understanding of Reformation theology, which is a rare achievement.

The reader should be warned that Erikson's book is not tightly and logically organized and that the style varies from extremely formal, even eloquent, to extremely informal and quite personal. Young Man Luther, as the author points out, was originally to be a chapter in a clinical treatise, and the frequent jumps from the sixteenth century to the twentieth, as in comparing Luther's experience with Freud's, should not disturb one's appreciation of the main point of the book; namely, Erikson's knowledge of human nature.

In order to utilize insights from psychoanalysis such as Erikson's, a historian or biographer need not be a trained analyst or even commit himself to an explicit interpretation of a series of human events in order to make such wisdom available. Today "much of an analyst's interpretive work in therapy consists of juxtaposition rather than translation into a theoretical jargon: bringing together events that are related by an unconscious element." [Robert R. Holt, review of Ernest Jones, The Life and Work of Sigmund Freud, vol. iii, in Contemporary Psychology, III (June, 1958), 147.] By grouping factual material a historian or biographer can be both sophisticated and informative without becoming technical — such is the contribution of psychoanalysis to the dimension of individual history. With the help of Erikson a writer may be fortunate enough to extend his narrative by the same technique into the other dimensions of culture and time.

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OTHER BOOKS RECEIVED

Brief comment here does not preclude fuller review in a later issue.

Henri Bergson — The Philosophy of Poetry: The Genius of Lucretius; edited, translated, in part recast, and with a preface by Wade Baskin. New York: Phil. Libr., 1959. Pp. 83 (no index). $2.75.

Lothar Bickel — The Unity of Body and Mind; edited, translated, and introduced by Walter Bernard. New York: Phil. Libr., 1959. Pp. 167 (with bibliography; no index). $3.75.

Hadley Cantril and Charles H. Bumstead — Reflections on the Human Venture. New York Univ. Press, 1960. Pp. 344 + xvi (with notes and index of quotations). $6.50.

Since the title seems determined to keep the subject-matter of the book a secret, quotation from the dust-jacket is in order:

> For centuries it was the poet, the painter, the writer who interpreted and reported the truths of human life. Then the scientist challenged the dom-

> inance of the humanist and demanded that experience be documented by repeatable experiment. Still later, a specific science — psychology — was developed to explain the nature of the individual and the group. In our own day, the artist . . . has become almost apologetic about his subjective handling of values.
>
> . . . . Hadley Cantril and the late Charles H. Bumstead [psychologists both] show that the sciences, especially psychology, are enormously enriched by utilizing the insights provided by the humanities.
>
> . . . . Using excerpts from essays, poems, biographies, novels, diaries, dramas, and prayers, the authors have fashioned a compendium of observations on the human enterprise.

Such a work certainly calls for a full review when time and space permit. Are there any volunteers?

Leonardo da Vinci — Philosophical Diary; edited, translated, and with a preface by Wade Baskin. New York: Phil. Libr., 1959. Pp. 87 (no index). $2.75.

Leon Edel — Literary Biography. New York: Doubleday (Anchor Books), 1959. Pp. 170 + xvii (with notes and index). Paperback, $.95.

This is the first American edition, the 1957 edition having been published in Canada and England. It has a new (1959) preface and added material on T. S. Eliot in Chapter III ("Criticism"), pp. 70-89, a little gem of psychoanalytic criticism in itself. The penultimate paragraph in the chapter is a delight:

> Our little experiment with the poems of T. S. Eliot demonstrates the way in which literary work can yield biography; if we were to search Eliot's essays and plays, we would find more material of a similar sort; not only the poems but the entire work can be said to be the objective correlative to the inner life of T. S. Eliot. The works, in other words, are palpable projections of the impalpable and wholly personal inner experience. The poems have their own completeness, inevitably; part of their function has been to depersonalize the deeply felt feelings; they thus become independent works of art which, in their totality, harbor within them the autobiography of the psyche. The actual facts of Mr. Eliot's ordeal — the plunge from early clever Prufrockian intellectuality into self-disparagement and the depths of despair — which a biographer might seek to discover, may be relevant for the study of the creative process; they might show us how the poet transformed his deepest experience into disciplined art. But I hold it to be clear that by the very act of criticism the "invulnerable granite" can yield that part of the writer which is most important to literary biography — more important than any accumulation of external detail or any bundle of "sources" and "influences" out of the poet's education and reading.

Louis Fraiberg — Psychoanalysis & American Literary Criticism. Detroit: Wayne State Univ. Press, 1960. Pp. 263 + xi (with notes and index). $5.95.

This long-awaited work will receive full attention in a review (or perhaps a double review) in the next issue. For the present we content ourselves with a listing of chapter titles:

I. Freud's Writings on Art. [Earlier versions appeared in IJP, XXXVII, Part I (January-February 1956), and in LITERATURE AND PSYCHOLOGY, VI, 4 (November 1956.]

II. Ernest Jones and the Psychoanalytic Interpretation of Hamlet.

III. Hanns Sachs: The Creative Act.

IV. Ernst Kris: Ego Psychology and Art.

V. Van Wyck Brooks versus Mark Twain versus Samuel Clemens.

VI. Joseph Wood Krutch: Poe's Art as an Abnormal Condition of the Nerves.

VII. Ludwig Lewisohn and the Puritan Inhibition of American Literature.

VIII. Edmund Wilson and Psychoanalysis in Historical Criticism.

IX. Kenneth Burke's Terminological Medium of Exchange.

X. Lionel Trilling's Creative Extension of Freudian Concepts.

XI. Summary.

Hans Freund — The Balanced Life: An Essay in Ethics. New York: Phil. Libr., 1959. Pp. 186 (with notes; no index). $4.50.

Chikao Fujisawa — Zen and Shinto: The Story of Japanese Philosophy. New York: Phil. Libr., 1959. Pp. 92 (no index). $2.75.

G. W. F. Hegel — Encyclopedia of Philosophy; translated, annotated, and introduced by Gustav Emil Mueller. New York: Phil. Libr., 1959. Pp. 287 (no index). $6.00.

Norman N. Holland — The First Modern Comedies: The Significance of Etherege, Wycherley, and Congreve. Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard Univ. Press, 1959. Pp. 274 (with notes and index). $5.50.

Except for the thesis revealed in the title (the orientation of Restoration comedy toward modern, rather than Elizabethan, drama) this work makes little use of the author's competence in psycho-literary criticism. To invoke his own rigorous precepts as a basis for critical judgment, however, we might find fault with his treatment of the comedies, for he seems at times perilously close to the mortal sin of "character-mongering;" i.e., the analysis of literary characters in a fashion which "blurs the differences between real people and fictional." How else are we to interpret passages like the following?

> In almost all our eleven comedies, the [hero's] first words establish his isolation from others and his dedication to irresponsibility. . . . These characters have the same sense of experimenting with their new maturity that college freshmen have when first away from home. They have, too, a sense of the special quality of their age, of the newness of their isolation. (p. 128.)
>
> Dr. Jonson said of Ben [in Love for Love], with apparent simplicity, 'The Sailor is not accounted very natural, but he is very pleasant,' and Coleridge remarked of Congreve's characters generally, 'There is no growth from within.' In the case of Ben, at least, this character structure is exactly what is called for. Ben is unnatural because Congreve was drawing a 'natural man,' an intellectual construct. By making Ben less lifelike, Congreve makes us more aware of the character as symbol. (p. 165.)
>
> Between Mrs. Marwood and Mrs. Fainall, there is the same kind of elusive distinction as between

> Fainall and Mirabell. Both are guilty of illicit affairs, but one seems innately bad, the other innately good.... Like Marwood, Mrs. Fainall is (or was) given to extremes of passion. She has, she says, 'lov'd without Bounds,' and now wants to hate without limits.... Like Marwood, she tends to be indifferent to reputation, but therein lies the distinction; while Marwood's indecorum lies in giving too much freedom to her passions and hence undervaluing reputation which stands as a block to free expression, Mrs. Fainall has learned the folly of giving too much importance to outward appearances, of committing 'disagreeable and dangerous Actions' 'to save that Idol Reputation'.... She has learned from her own mistakes the tragedy of allowing an outward convention, her marriage, which did not grow organically from emotion, to impose itself upon her and stifle her inner nature. (p. 190.)

Perhaps, after all, we may count the sin as venial, for Professor Holland has written so lively, and at the same time so scholarly, a work on the eleven great comedies of the Restoration stage, that we cannot hold this one lapse against him.

BIBLIOGRAPHY (XXXV)

Since there is obviously no space in this issue for a regular installment of our running bibliography, we confine ourselves to a few miscellaneous items which have accumulated in our files.

From Professor Hagopian (his own published and forthcoming articles not previously noted by us):

&-"Contemporary Science and the Poets Reconsidered," Science CCXX (3 Dec 54), 951-52.

%-"Literary Aesthetics and Euripides' The Bacchae," Class. Jrnl, L (Nov 54), 67-71.

*-"Psychology and the Coherent Form of...Othello," Papers Mich Acad Sci, Arts, & Letters (forthcoming).

%-"The Mask of Browning's Countess Gismond," Philol Qtrly (forthcoming).

From Professor Griffin:

%-Eric Berne, "The Mythology of Dark and Fair: Psychiatric Use of Folklore," J A F L, LXXII, 283 (Jan-Mar 59), 1-13.

*-Paulo de Carvalho Neto. Folklore y psicanálisis. Buenos Aires: Editorial Psique, 1956.

*-Cinema notes in Time (13 July 1959) on Anatomy of a Murder to the effect that "...the film displays an attitude toward sex that is more wholesome than the merely sniggering spirit that prevails in many a movie..." and, concerning Ingmar Bergman's Wild Strawberries, that it "...employs the language of dream and symbol with an eerie, sleep-talking sureness."

From your Editors' desultory notes:

&-Archibald MacLeish, "Why Teach Poetry?" Atl Monthly, 197, 3 (Mar 56), 48-53.

*-Maurice Savin, "Psychanalyse de Phèdre (Fantaisie)," Table ronde, No. 108, 169-177.

%-André von Gronicka, "Myth plus Psychology: A Style Analysis of Death in Venice," Germ Rev, XXXI, 191-205.